



HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

AUGUST 1974 \$1.25

ORGY IN THE YEAR 2041
ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE
TO AMERICA'S TOP CITIES
THE FOXIEST GALS THIS
SIDE OF THE HUDSON
INSIDE A DOPE BUST

A VISIT TO
ROMAN DECADENCE
SUCKING ON FRUIT
DR. DE BAKEY WANTS
TO SAVE YOUR HEART
PLUS: FASHION, REVIEWS,
AND HAPPENINGS

Retailers:
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Display Allowance Plan

Miller time

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LARRY FLYNT

Larry Flynt is determined to give you the best magazine for your money, and you're reading it right now. Flynt has vowed to publish the finest talent available, and few doubt that he's going to succeed, as he did with his smashing clubs.

GARRICK FELDMAN

Garrick Feldman is the veteran editor and sportsman who has put together the editorial product that you will surely enjoy. "The array of talent in this issue," he was heard to remark, "is nothing short of dazzling."

DON FICKAS

Don Fickas is our New Art Director in guiding the graphic fortunes of our magazine. His many years of experience as head of a commercial advertising art and design studio should guarantee us a superb level of graphic and artistic excellence.

NANCY SUNDQUIST AND MARLENE SEMPLE

Nancy Sundquist and Marlene Semple are contributing editors to *Hustler* and partners in Other Words, a writing and editing service for commercial and educational media. They are responsible for the film reviews in this month's *Hustler*.

FRANK LERNER

Frank Lerner, our Associate Publisher, has lent his unique photographic and art talents to make *Hustler* worth coming back to month after month. This much sought after photographer is committed to produce the most attractive magazine on the market.

JOSEPH SANDER

Joseph Sander, who conducted the interview with Dr. Michael De Bakey, has published articles and fiction in numerous magazines, including *The Nation*, *Coq*, and the *North American Review*. His television documentaries on the energy crisis and other topics have won him a great many awards.

RON OFFEN

Ron Offen, famed short story writer, poet, and author, recently published *Marlon Brando* and *James Cagney*, both books from Regnery.

JERRIE MOCK

Jerrie Mock continues to gather the concise Entertainment Guide, which will make your stay in any city far more enjoyable. She knows about everything that's going to be happening, so you're in good hands, hustler.

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The Capital Distributing Company has made available to all retail dealers a display promotional allowance plan under the terms of which any participating retail dealer can earn an allowance of ten (10%) percent of cover price per sold copy of *HUSTLER* Magazine. Full details and copies of agreements for signature by participating retail dealers are available by writing to Circulation Manager, The Capital Distributing Company, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418. Allowances become effective with the next issue received for distribution following receipt of signed agreements and written acceptance by The Capital Distributing Company. This offer applies only in USA and Possessions.

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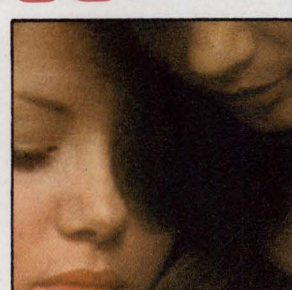
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"She's great."
"She's great."

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**BRAND-NEW OFFER
FROM THE
COLUMBIA RECORD
& TAPE CLUB**

Any 12 records

FIVE GREAT ALBUMS by BOB DYLAN

239525 BARBRA STREISAND THE WAY WE WERE COLUMBIA	235952 JIM CROCE I GOT A NAME ABC	238642 DYLAN A Fool Such As I COLUMBIA	239939 WALTER CARLOS SWITCHED-ON BACH II COLUMBIA
236133 ELTON JOHN Goodbye Yellow Brick Road MCA	234765 NEIL DIAMOND Jonathan Livingston Seagull COLUMBIA	174995 BOB DYLAN NASHVILLE SKYLINE COLUMBIA	239566* BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE II Mercury
235739* MARIE OSMOND PAPER ROSES MGM	238758 DONOVAN ESSENCE TO ESSENCE EPIC	138586 BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS COLUMBIA	235531* TRAFFIC SHOOT OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY ISLAND
233452 GARFUNKEL ANGEL CLARE COLUMBIA	238337* OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN LET ME BE THERE MCA	234211 BOB DYLAN Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid COLUMBIA	237099* CHARLIE McCOY THE FASTEST HARP IN THE SOUTH MONUMENT
238790* TOM T. HALL FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE LAST HARD TOWN Mercury	237131 PERCY FAITH CORAZON COLUMBIA	212654 BOB DYLAN Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 COLUMBIA	207662 Everything You Always Wanted To Hear On The Moog COLUMBIA
237172 PETER NERO SAY, HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY SWEET GYPSY ROSE? COLUMBIA	237859* GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE WE'RE GONNA HOLD ON EPIC	236091* ROGER MILLER DEAR FOLKS - SORRY I HAVEN'T WRITTEN LATELY COLUMBIA	230607* TANYA TUCKER WHAT'S YOUR MAMA'S NAME COLUMBIA
236885 CARPENTERS The Singles 1969-1973 AES	202796 RICHARD STRAUSS Also Sprach Zarathustra Bernstein, New York Philharmonic COLUMBIA	236117* BILLY PRESTON EVERYBODY LIKES SOME KIND OF MUSIC A&M	234419 JOHNNY MATHIS I'M COMING HOME COLUMBIA
235978 THREE DOG NIGHT CYAN Shambala ABC-DUNHILL	231159 CAT STEVENS FOREIGNER A&M	236109 DAWN'S NEW RAGTIME FOLLIES featuring TONY ORLANDO BELL	237198* FOCUS Live At The Rainbow SIRE
236083* THE DE FRANCO FAMILY Featuring TONY DE FRANCO "Hard Rock, It's A Lovin'!" 20TH CENTURY	231845* GEORGE JONES NOTHING EVER HURT ME (HALF AS BAD AS LOSING YOU) EPIC	234914* FARON YOUNG Just What I Had In Mind Mercury	230771 URIAH HEPP LIVE Easy Livin' Mercury
234872* TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD ISLAND	234955 RAY CONNIFF HARMONY COLUMBIA	232587 CHICAGO VI Feelin' Stronger Every Day COLUMBIA	235572* JERRY WALLACE PRIMROSE LANE DON'T GIVE UP ON ME MCA
222018 THE 5th DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth BELL	236844* BURT BACHARACH LIVING TOGETHER A&M	234369* LORETTA LYNN Love Is The Foundation MCA	234757 ENOCH LIGHT & THE LIGHT BRIGADE PROJECT 3
228791* EDDY ARNOLD So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin' MGM	230581* SPOOKY TOOTH YOU BROKE MY HEART SO I BUSTED YOUR JAW A&M	232561 ANDY WILLIAMS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 COLUMBIA	231084 CHARLIE RICH Behind Closed Doors EPIC
234864 PROCOL HARUM GRAND HOTEL CHRISTALIS	230870 AL GREEN CALL ME HI	229997* MAC DAVIS The Way You Look Today COLUMBIA	230367 VICKI LAWRENCE THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA BELL
234377* CONWAY TWITTY YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR BEFORE MCA	232579 ROD STEWART Sing It Again Rod Mercury	228155 ELTON JOHN DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER MCA	225318* KRIS KRISTOFFERSON JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN MONUMENT
237875* BARRY WHITE STONE GON' 20TH CENTURY	227439* TAMMY WYNETTE KIDS SAY THE DARDEST THINGS EPIC	223164* TOM T. HALL GREATEST HITS MERCURY	226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND HOT AUGUST NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO MCA
236604 SONNY & CHER Live In Las Vegas, Vol. 2 COUNTS AS TWO MCA	235953 GILBERT O'SULLIVAN I'M A WRITER, NOT A FIGHTER MAM	235093 SHIRLEY BASSEY Live At Carnegie Hall COUNTS AS TWO ABC	234831 FERRANTE & TEICHER KILLING ME SOFTLY EMI
238840* JERRY LEE LEWIS SOUTHERN ROOTS BACK HOME TO MEMPHIS Mercury	239517* CARLY SIMON HOTCAKES ELEKTRA	221192* JIM CROCE YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM ABC	218750* FRANK SINATRA IN THE BEGINNING 1943 To 1951 COLUMBIA
		230912 PAUL SIMON There Goes Rhymin' Simon COLUMBIA	225862 THE MOODY BLUES SEVENTH SOJOURN Isn't Life Strange THRESHOLD
			231613 SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE FRESH EPIC
			237214* DONNA FARGO All About A Feeling DOT

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* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

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(at regular Club prices) in the coming two years

No membership
dues or fees!
No obligation to
buy every month
—or even every other month!



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†Available on records and cartridges only

Here's a great new offer from Columbia—an opportunity to get ANY 12 of these records or tapes—ALL 12 for only \$1.97. And that \$1.97 is all you ever pay for your first 12 selections—there are no additional membership fees or dues for joining!

And just look at the wide range of recorded entertainment you have to choose from—not only the best and latest from the huge Columbia catalog...but also new releases and old favorites from A&M, ABC/Dunhill, Bell, Epic, London, MCA, Mercury, MGM, Parrot, United Artists and many, many more. To order your 12 selections, just mail the application form, together with your check or money order for \$1.97 as payment. (Be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records.) In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years. That's right!—you'll have two full years in which to buy just nine selections...so you are not obligated to buy a record or tape every month, or even every other month! And you may cancel membership at any time after you've purchased your nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes \$6.98; reel-to-reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$4.98 or \$5.98—plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...if you do not want any selection offered, just mail the response card provided by the date specified

...if you want only the Selection of the Month for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically

...if you want any of the other selections offered, just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

NOTE: All applications are subject to approval and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application

COLUMBIA RECORD & TAPE CLUB TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.97 as payment for the 12 selections listed below. Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years—and may cancel membership any time after doing so. I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment:

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Write in numbers of 12 selections

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):

(But I am always free to choose from any category)

☐ Easy Listening 2 ☐ Teen Hits 7 ☐ Classical 1 ☐ Country 5

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO
APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer P142/S74

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

The Hustler
COCKTAILS

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HAVE YOU ALWAYS HAD A SECRET DESIRE
TO OWN YOUR OWN NIGHT CLUB, BUT NEVER
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Mini Clubs of America is looking to expand it's Hustler Club operations across the United States and overseas and you can now play a part in that expansion program! If you have **\$150,000***, an interest in night club ownership, Mini Clubs can provide the answers you need to join in this exciting new venture.

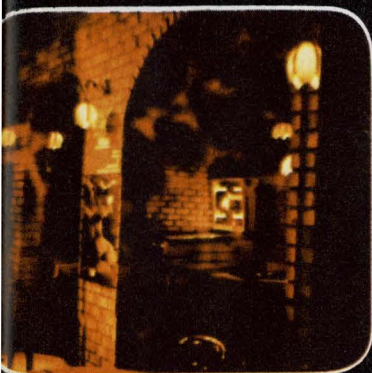
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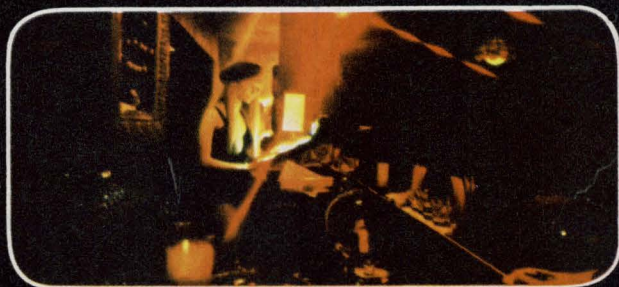
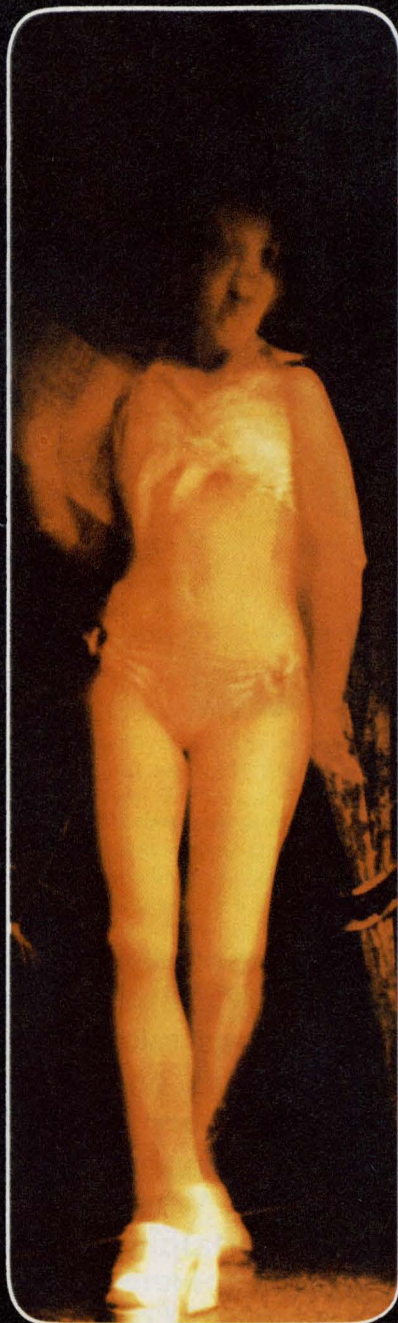


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Lounges &
Billiard Room



Visit the HUSTLER
DAYTON
COLUMBUS
TOLEDO
CINCINNATI
AKRON
CLEVELAND





NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

You're constantly on the move, flying from one city to the next. You've been to every corner of the U.S., because that's where your business takes you. But what can you do when it's time to relax and enjoy the town your visiting? Pick up *Hustler* every month and you'll get a concise guide to what's happening in the entertainment centers of our country. When you're ready to land on your next trip, our entertainment guide will be there to help you enjoy yourself.

Alabama

MOBILE: When you're driving down Mobile way and smell the salt air from the Bay, you'll soon be hungry for some fresh Gulf sea food. Just about every restaurant has it, but some of the best spots are **Wintzell's Oyster House**, where you can taste all kinds of oysters in shirt-sleeve comfort, and **Constantine's**, in the Rodeway Inn on Government St., which specializes in Oysters Rockefeller. For stuffed flounder, and dining in an old plantation style decor, go to **Gus & Frank's**. There's entertainment there, too, except on Sun.

Arizona

PHOENIX: Now here's a watering hole in the midst of the desert that's worth a second glance. The **Adams Rodeway Hotel** is scheduled to open in the late

summer or early fall of this year, and if you can believe the press agents, it should be among the swingiest spots for some miles around. In the meantime there's live entertainment at the **Desert Hills** on East Van Buren. At this writing the acts have not been firmed up for July, but management assures us they'll be tops. Other good bets are the **Sheraton-Scottsdale** for dinner and its great villas, and the **Mountain Climber** for unusual decor and setting, also at Scottsdale.

California

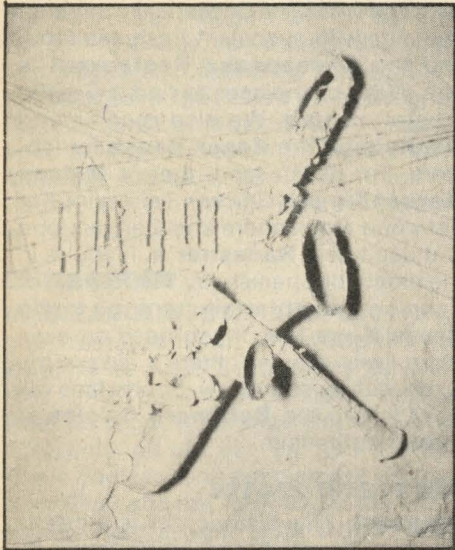
LOS ANGELES: Old glamour capital is still the swingers' headquarters on the West Coast. Practically any place that is "any place" will have something going entertainment-wise. Check out the nostalgic old **Coconut Grove** at

the equally nostalgic **Ambassador** (those quiet footsteps in the hall are probably the wraith of **Lionel Barrymore** . . . or perhaps **MM**). Check out the **Ambassador's** "Scene Room," too. Great victuals on practically every street corner. (Some of the best Japanese food in the country is to be found here.) Dancing, les girls, et al . . . try here and there in **Beverly Hills**. If baseball's your bag, L.A. is the place for you . . . **Dodgers** at Dodger Stadium and the **Angels** at Anaheim Stadium.

SAN FRANCISCO: When you're weary from business or dizzy from sight-seeing on the crazy cable cars, it's time to relax with a cocktail at **The Orphanage**. Entertainment . . . guitar, mellow rock, or blues . . . starts at 5 P.M. You can stay for dinner and dancing, or go on to

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Henri's Room At The Top, in the **San Francisco Hilton**. For Japanese food in the "**Gateway to the Orient**" there's **Yamato's**. **La Mirabelle** is for lovers of French cuisine. **The Old Spaghetti Factory** features nightly folk music with its pasta. They have flamenco on Fri. and Sat., and on Sun. have classical concerts and instrumentalists. Another good Sun. spot is **Julius' Castle**, with a guitarist. The **Russian Renaissance** has live Russian music nightly. **The Civic Light Opera** season opens at the **Curran Theatre** June 25 for seven weeks of "**The King and I**", with **Sally Ann Hewes** and **Richard Montalban**. For sports, see the **San Francisco Giants** at Candlestick Park, or try some deep sea fishing. The salmon season is Feb. to Nov.



Colorado

DENVER: This mile-high city in the shadows of the **Rockies** is a gourmet's delight. For a start we suggest **The Oak Room** of **Stouffer's Denver Inn**. After a first course of crab claws, try **Filet de Bouef Wellington** or **Breast of Capon Cordon Blue**. The **Oak Room** also has a wine tasting salon, where **Maitre'd Carlo Buscemi** offers guests an opportunity to sample the different bouquets before they order. There is no charge. Carlo says, "it is merely a part of the dining experience." In the same Inn, **The Red Fox Tavern** features live entertainment 6 days a week. Or try the **International Room** of the **Plaza Inn** for **Roast Duckling Bigarade Veal Oscar**. For entertainment with dinner, go to the **Sports Scene**. Even more exciting is the **Warehouse Restaurant**, which is a combination restaurant and theater



Ray Charles

with 200 seats in the dining room and 500 seats in the upstairs showroom. July 2 through 7 they present **Glen Yarbrough & the Limelighters**. **Burns & Schreiber** and **Gloria Loring** from July 16 to 21, **Della Reese** and **Ramsey Lewis** July 23 to 28, and **Ray Charles** from July 30 to Aug. 4. If you're interested in sports, head south to **Manitou Springs**, near Colorado Springs, for the **Pikes Peak Hill Climb**. Time trials are on July 2, with the big race on the fourth. If you're not up to hiking, take the cog railway to the top. Horse lovers will want to go to **Boulder**, just a few miles north-west of Denver, for the **Pow Wow Horse Show**, on July 23 and 24, and the **Pow Wow Rodeo** on July 25 through 28.

Connecticut

NEW LONDON: This seaport is a good stop-over for anyone driving along the Connecticut coast and needing a tasty lunch or overnight stop. Situated on the **Thames River**, it's one of the best deepwater ports on the coast and has been busy with shipping since the beginning of our colonies. You can visit the **Shaw Mansion**, which was the states Naval headquarters during the Revolution, and other restored buildings, and then tour the modern **U.S. Coast Guard Academy**. There are many good motels, and for dinner we suggest a zesty clam bisque and succulent lobster at the **Lighthouse Inn**. Another place with good food and lots of atmosphere is **Ye Olde Tavern**.

Florida

MIAMI-FORT LAUDERDALE: When you're sunburned and sweaty from the

hot **Fort Lauderdale** sun, hurry to the cool **Mai-Kai**, grab a frosty Samoan Grog, or maybe a Tahitian Breeze, and watch the sarong-clad oriental beauties glide gracefully from table to table. From the Cantonese dinner entrées, we suggest Cantonese Shrimp or Mandarin Duck. **Polynesian** revues start at 8 and 10:30 P.M. For more formal dining order Long Island Duckling with Sauce Bigarade at **Le Cordon Bleu**. Or dine in the midst of elegant French Provincial decor at **Le Dome** of the Four seasons. Further south, in **Miami Beach**, you'll find more south sea atmosphere at the **Luau**, 79th St. Causeway, which has a Tahitian floor show, or the **Luau II**, in the **Marco Polo Hotel**. Racing fans will like to dine at the **Post** and **Paddock**.

ST. AUGUSTINE: The oldest permanently inhabited settlement in the U.S. is a must stop for anyone driving to or from south Florida. Rejuvenate yourself with a drink from **Ponce de Leon's** "fountain of youth", on Magnolia Ave. Wander through the narrow streets, peek into the old walled gardens, tour the ancient Spanish houses, and explore the massive walls and deep dungeons of the gray stone fortress, **Castillo de San Marcos**. Then relax with some super fresh sea food in a cool dining room overlooking **Matanzas Bay**. We suggest the dining room of the **Monson Hotel** or the **Chimes**. At **St. Augustine Amphitheatre**, in Anastasia State Recreation Area, a musical drama, "**Cross and Sword**", will be staged at 8:30 each evening from mid-June till September. It depicts the founding of Spanish Florida.

Georgia

ATLANTA: The capital of Georgia is a hub city for the southern states, and for gourmet appetites as well. For French food, try **Chateau Fleur de Lis** for **Paillard de veau** or pheasant under glass. Also good is **The Abbey**, with veau à l'Abbey or Caneton à l'orange. Go to **Justines**, a restored plantation house for poulet au vin. If you're in the mood for Italian dishes, try **Caruso's**. For a different taste experience, dine at **The Midnight Sun**, which has a Scandinavian decor and smorgasbord. Reindeer is a speciality. And for real fun go underground, where four blocks of the old railway system have been converted to exhibit halls, boutiques, restaurants and night clubs. Look for **Ruby Red's Warehouse** down there. If you like dancing with dinner, try the **Diplomat**. For sports,

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

see the **Atlanta Braves** at Atlanta Stadium and check the auto racing at nearby Gainesville.

Illinois

CHICAGO: The windy city is so packed with fine, interesting places to eat that it's hard to know where to start, so we'll just pick out one or two of each type, starting with French. The **Cafe de Paris**, in the Park Dearborn Hotel, has a varied menu with such exciting things as crab meat Chablis. Another good French place is **L'Escargot**. For Italian food in a charming atmosphere go to **Como Inn**. Naturally **Heidelberger Fass** is the place for German food. The **Parthenon** has good Greek food, with Greek background music, and the price is reasonable. Then if you're out for fun with the girls, head for **Butch McGuire's** or **Faces** on Rush street. Theater-wise, at the **Mill Run Theatre Johnny Mathis** will be starring from July 9 to 14, and the **5th Dimension** will be there from July 16 to 21. "**The Odd Couple**", with **Tony Randall** and **Jack Klugman** will be at the Auditorium July 9 thru 21. "**Gypsy**," with **Angela Lansbury** will be at the **Civic Opera House** July 16 thru 27. In baseball the **Chicago Cubs** will be at Wrigley Field and the **White Sox** at White Sox Park.

STARVED ROCK STATE PARK: This state park is on the **Illinois River** between La Salle and Ottawa. **Starved Rock** was the site of **Fort St. Louis du Rocher**, built by La Salle in 1682. Starved Rock Lodge is a charming place to dine, with lots of atmosphere of pioneer days. It's convenient to an airport and makes a good pilot stop for lunch or a **RON**.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS: A good selection of restaurants, with or without entertainment, is available here. For tantalizing food, 'midst elegant French decor and background music, **La Tour**, in the **International Bank Tower**, is tops. Some specialties are *faisan en argile* souwaroff and *salade fris  au lard "flamb "*. For dancing and entertainment with dinner, try **Hearth and Embers**, which features such foods as steak Diane and *Zuricher Rahmfleisch*. There's dancing in the **Grog Room**, on the top of **Stouffer's**, on the **Ramsgate Roof**, **Stouffer's Indianapolis**, **Ramada Inn-Airport** and most of the other large motor hotels. Dinner theaters include the **Beef and Boards** on the north side, which usually does musicals, the **Black Curtain**, which is downtown and

has a Bohemian atmosphere, the **Avondale** in the Meadow Shopping Center, which does comedies, and the **Sheraton Dinner Theater** at I-65 and Pendelton Pike. For more lively action try the strip along North Meridan between 16th and 22nd.

Kansas

WICHITA: The airplane capital of the world can be a real fun place or a drab place depending on whether you know your way around. The secret is knowing about the many private, but easy-to-join, clubs. Some cater to the swinging, go-go loving set and others to the gourmet food lovers group. Only private clubs can serve wine with their repasts. Among the more lively clubs to join are the **Red Garter**, the **Go-Go Revolution East** and **Go-Go Revolution West**. For excellent food we suggest the Chateau Briand and the **Kimel Club**, which has both American style and Middle Eastern food. The place with everything is the **Chapter I**. You'll always find a lot of pretty young girls around, and can enjoy lobster and steak while you watch them. Many of the larger motels and hotels also have their own private clubs, usually hidden away upstairs or on a rooftop. If you don't see a sign advertising them, inquire, because the food's usually better than that in the dining room off the lobby. Their rules are different, some admitting both single men and women, some only men and escorted women, and some bar the doors to all females. Presumably these let a few girls in the back door.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS: Any visitor strolling through the *Vieux Carr *, or old quarter, of "**The Paris of the Americas**" must be amazed that the city has kept old world French character so long. You can almost imagine you'll see some high-booted French officers with swords at their sides, plumed hats and long curls. There are brick courtyards where one may sip a cool drink beneath flowering trees and vines. One of the most charming places to dine is the **Court of Two Sisters**, which has been in the restaurant business since the late 1920's. You can dine in the shady courtyard, surrounded by lush greenery and flowers and in the shadow of the old slave quarters. If you need air-conditioning, there are also the **Creole Patio Room**, **The Gazebo Room**, **Ye Olde Court Tavern**, and the **Grand Marquis Room**, named in honor of Pierre de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, an early governor of the Louisiana Territory who, legend

said, lived at the site of the Court. The menu is long and varied, with French, sea food and creole dishes. Three French restaurants that always appear on any multi-star gourmet list are **Arnaud's**, **Antoin's** and **Brennan's**. Then, for after dinner fun, look into some of the jazz spots, such as **Pete Fountain's** and **Al Hirt's**. **La Boucherie** is also good and there's **Maison Bourbon**, an open-air cafe with a gay nineties atmosphere. Name entertainment is at the Blue Room of the Fairmont hotel. The annual **New Orleans Food Festival** is July 6, 7 and 8 at the Rivergate Exhibition Center on Canal St. You can sample numerous New Orleans foods prepared by world-renowned chefs, at 25 , 50  and 75  a portion.

Maryland

BALTIMORE: The Chesapeake Bay area abounds with succulent fresh sea food, and the **Chesapeake Restaurant** is one of the best places to find it. Try the lobster or crab. We also recommend **Danny's** or **The Eager House** for lobsters. For Italian food, there's **Maison Marconi's**, with Chicken Tetrizzini. For old world atmosphere and German food you can't beat **Haussner's**. If you're in the mood for Spanish, try **Tio Pepe**. For dancing and entertainment, go to the **Cross Keys Inn**. If you need an even more lively evening, there's always the Oasis with its strip show. Sports fans will want to see the **Baltimore Orioles** at Memorial Stadium.

Massachusetts

BOSTON: This historic city is a mecca for food lovers. French restaurants include **Maison Robert** with roulade mornay, **Ma tre Jaques** with Dover sole, and **Au de Beauchamp** with coq au vin. We suggest **Jimmy's Harborside** for seafood, and **Polcari's** for Italian pasta. It's homemade, and there are strolling musicians to entertain you. A really unique spot for someone who's looking for a new taste thrill is the **Cafe Budapest**. The menu ranges from chicken paprikas and *szekely goulash* to beef straganoff to chateaubriand. To get into the atmosphere of the old country, why not start off with one of the varieties of caviar, then order the *Pot-Pourri*, which chef Nick Sykallos says is a taste of old Hungary, then top it off with some Hungarian strudel or *crepes flamb *. The entertainment is Hungarian singer **Tibor Varmay** with **Ellen White** at the piano. There is entertainment at the **Sheraton Boston** and at the **Copley Plaza's Merry Go Round**. **Paul's Mall** and the

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

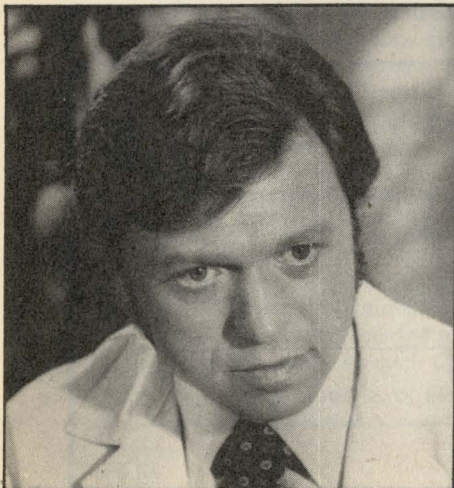
Twin Room Jazz Workshop are for jazz fans. The **Boston-Red Sox** will be at Fenway Park.

Michigan

DETROIT/DEARBORN: Transportation seems to play a part in the selection of restaurant themes in the auto capital. There's **Jim's Garage** and **Joey's Stable**... and they both turn out delightful food. Many Germans immigrated to the Detroit area, so the **Brauhaus** has very particular people to satisfy. Try the Sauerbraten. One of the super gourmet places is the **London Chop House** where you can get 'most anything from a hamburger to a lobster, all in the most elegant, intimate atmosphere. For Middle Eastern food and belly dancers visit the **Cedars**. Many visitors to the area will be in Dearborn, whether doing business at the Ford River Rouge Plant or touring Greenfield Village, so we suggest dining, and maybe also spending the night, at the **Dearborn Inn**. There's also delightful food at **Chambertin**, which has a special way of cooking lobster. The **Colonial House** is also good. Back in Detroit, don't forget the **Detroit Tigers** at Tiger Stadium.

Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL: One of the best restaurants in **Minneapolis** is **Charlie's**. Another is **Harry's**, with the "silver butter knife" steak. In **St. Paul** we suggest the **Blue Horse**. For a different kind of treat, try the **Fuji-Ya** where you can look out over the Mississippi River and eat spicy Japanese food cooked right at your table. If you need music and dancing with dinner, head for the **Left Guard**. It's run by ex-football greats, and is the "in" spot, with lots of action. Another lively spot is the **Strip** on



Steve Lawrence

North Hennepin Ave., in nearby **Bloomington**. The dinner theaters are **Friar's Minnesota Music Hall Theater** and **Chanhasen Dinner Theater**, which has two halls. In **O'Shaughnessy Auditorium** at St. Catherine's College, **St. Paul**, the St. Paul Opera Company will perform "**Manon**" by Jules Massenet on July 10, 13, and 19. It will be sung in English. "**Siegfried**" by Richard Wagner will also be sung in English, in a new translation by Andrew Porter, on July 26 and 31 and Aug. 3. The **Minnesota Twins** will be playing at Metropolitan Stadium.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY: There's lots of fun to be had in **Kansas City**, on both sides of the river, but the two sides are different. In Kansas, it's private clubs. Of these clubs, we recommend **Bachelors 3**, which boasts 10,000 members, the **Surf Club**, and **Chapmans**, which is an old mansion and has 3 dance floors. Over on the Mo. side, try the **Gold Buffet** in North Kansas City. They have 51 salads, 30 hot dishes and all the shrimp you can eat. Wonder how long they'll stay in business... better hurry. For Dinner Theaters on the Mo. side there's the **Waldo Astoria**, **Tiffany Attic**, **Palace**, and **Off Broadway**. Night clubbing is at **Butch Cassidy's** or **Mother's Club**. Dancing at **River Quay** and **Halrows**. And don't forget the **Kansas City Royals** at Royals Stadium. The team looks good.

ST. LOUIS: What do you do in **St. Louis**? Most important thing is to know where there's good food. The best is **Anthony's**, French, and **Tony's** Italian. However they're both in the high price range. So try **La Sala** for some good Mexican food. If that's too peppery, look into the dining room at a hotel, such as the **Mayfair** or **Fairmount**. There's the **Sheraton-West Port Inn** and the **Holiday Inn** and the **Ramada** near the airport has entertainment. For a different experience look into the **Cheshire Inn** and **Lodge**. It has 2 pubs and a double-decker bus for sight-seeing. On the sports scene, the **St. Louis Cardinals** look like a good team this year and they'll be playing at Busch Memorial Stadium.

Nevada

LAS VEGAS: This is the one city that never slows down or has an off season. **Alladin Hotel** and **Casino** presents **Barry Ashton's "This is Burlesque, '74"**. **Caesar's Palace** will have **Steve Lawrence** and **Eydie Gorme** from



Liza Minelli

June 27-July 17, **Harry Bellefonte** from July 18-31. **Castaways** will have **Danny Thomas** and **Diana Trask** from June 26-July 16, **Wayne Newton** from July 17-Sept. 3. **Circus Circus** presents "**Bottoms Up '74**". **Desert Inn** will have **Trini Lopez** and **Lola Falana** from June 25-July 15. **Dunes** presents "**Casino de Paris, '74**". **Flamingo** will have **Leslie Uggams** and **Myron Cohen** from June 27-July 10, **Connie Stevens** and **Charlie Callas** from July 11-31. At the **Four Queens Bobby Douglas** stars in "**Conspiracy**" July through Labor Day. The **Fremont** presents "**Minsky's '74**". The **Frontier** will have **Robert Goulet** from June 13-July 3, **Bob Newhart** from July 4-July 31. At the **Golden Nugget Kenny Vernon**, **Dick Dale**, **Barbara Perry**, and **Vincent** will be appearing but the exact date for the change-over from one star to the next has not been set. **Hacienda** presents "**Spice on Ice**", featuring **Kathy Gamble** as the lead dancer and **Judy Michaels** as the lead nude "**Spicette**". **Holiday Casino** publicity people assure us they'll be having a great show in July, but just what hasn't been set at press time. The **Landmark** will be presenting stars of the future. The **Las Vegas Hilton** will have **Liberace** and the **Little Angels** from June 6-July 1, **Charlie Rich** from July 2-15, 16-23 has yet to be filled, **Tony Bennett** from July 24-Aug. 4. **Louis Prima**, **Sam Butera** & the **Witnesses** will be in the lounge. **MGM Grand** will have **Shecky Greene** from June 26-July 9. At the **Mint** will be **Peter Urquidi** and **Diane Wisdom**. The **Riviera** presents **Fifth Dimension** from June 18-July 9, **Liza Minelli** from July 10-23,

Continued on page 92

HOW TO MAKE BIG MONEY INSTEAD OF EXCUSES.

Over 5,000 new millionaires in the U.S. this year (And most of them don't work half as hard as you do). What they all have in common is The System. The proven sure-fire secret to success that doesn't depend upon brilliance, or connections, or working yourself into the ground. With The System it's actually easier to succeed than it is to fail. Easier in fact to make money than to make excuses!

Do you know some guy who makes a lot more money than you do simply because he works a lot harder? Baloney!

Have you ever wondered about the people that make the really big money? The folks with the fancy cars, great houses, summer places and all the things of the good life. Did you ever wonder what they know that you don't? Well, this ad may be the most important ad you'll ever read.

Where do I get off giving you advice!

First, I'd like to tell you a little about me. My name is John F. Kimball. I'm a real person not some writer's fairytale. You can walk up to 581 Fifth Avenue and meet me. This is a real address. If you were to come up here, you'd see impressive offices as well as the staff of the six companies that I am a director and major stockholder of. I live on a couple of gorgeous wooded acres in a plush home valued at well over \$100,000 with a \$30,000 in-ground cement swimming pool (heated, underwater lights, the works). In addition, I have all the usual type investments associated with wealth: the stocks, the trust funds for my children's education, etc. Perhaps, most important, I have the time to enjoy it all. I usually stroll in about 10:30 and am out by four in the afternoon.

You can work your head off for peanuts. Or you can apply The System and make it big.

Before you believe I was born with that proverbial silver spoon in my mouth, let me tell you about me a few short years ago. I was working in a factory environment at a job I hated. Many nights I "Moonlighted" just to make ends meet. I could no more pay for this ad than fly to the moon.

Most rich men are no smarter than you are.

One day quite by chance I was offered a job by a wealthy and successful businessman. This man was an immigrant who arrived in this country dead broke, and for years was considered a very bad credit risk. He seemed no brighter than me (He never finished school) and certainly no more hard working than me (I was doing sixty hours a week just to keep my head above water).

I stumbled on to a great discovery: The System.

The more time I spent with this self-made success, the more I felt there was a secret. After all, what did I have to show for all my years of back-breaking slaving? I'll tell you what: tension, debts and a less than happy family. I was working too hard, drinking too much, and going nowhere fast.

A prisoner of the day-to-day rat race. I wouldn't have known a business opportunity if it jumped right up and bit me. The more I worked for this wealthy man, the more I saw a *System*. We talked about a system. He had never seen his success as a system. But he agreed it existed! I started to spend my off days and weekends analyzing The System and putting it into practice. For the last year, I've been putting all these details into a simple-to-follow plan. Three months ago, I gave away copies to friends, clients and acquaintances. An old friend used The System and doubled his income (yes, in three months). A client in New York tells me it is the most important information he has ever read.

The System made me rich, Now I'm going to get even richer, offering it to you.

Now, for the first time, I'm going to offer The System to outsiders. You may wonder why I'm willing to offer the system. Frankly, it's because I expect to earn a few hundred thousand dollars selling it. You see, I'm asking \$10.00 for this system. Quite frankly, I make a pretty profit on that \$10.00. However, you make the real profit! IT WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE! I guarantee it, but more about that later.

Here are three questions I want you to ponder:

- If you have a boss or friend that earns twice as much as you, does he work twice as hard as you?
- Do you feel that you are getting all you want out of life? Is it an exciting adventure for you?
- Do you provide yourself and your family with everything you'd like to?

If the answer to these questions is no . . . then you are ready for The System.

No mail order course! No junk merchandise! No franchise Scheme!

What the system is NOT: My plan is *not* a mail order correspondence course. It's *not* a collection of junk merchandise that I want you to import, export, report or sell to your friends. It's *not* some franchise scheme. It's *not* a pyramid plan.

What my system is: It is a tested proven no-investment method to let you earn money like the "big boys" and get more out of life.

HERE'S THE NO-RISK OFFER: Fill in the coupon below and send it with the required money. I'll send you the system by return mail. Read it for thirty days or sixty days or ninety days. If you don't think it's worth at least ten times what you paid, return it. I'll send you a full refund plus the original 10¢ it cost you to mail me a check.
YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RISK.

Now, you can turn this page with a hundred excuses.

You can write me off as a crackpot. But remember, I'm the one with the money. Best of all, you have absolutely nothing to lose. All it takes is a little faith. We live in the greatest country in the world with so much abundance we support most of the world. **Last year, according to the U.S. Government, over 5,000 people became millionaires for the first time**, and most of them don't work half as hard as you do. The choice is up to you. On the chance that I'm right, send in the coupon today. It risks you nothing.

J. F. KIMBALL

581 Fifth Avenue, Fifth Floor Suite, New York, New York 10017

☐ \$10.00 Cash, Check or Money Order enclosed.

J. F., you may be a lot of hot air. But on the other hand you may have something. It's no skin off my nose to find out. So, go ahead, send me The System. I understand that if for any reason (or no reason) I'm not satisfied in up to three months, you'll return my ten bucks.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

H-1



LARRY FLYNT
Hustler Publisher

Publisher's Statement

Why Hustler? That is the question we get asked most by our readers. They are aware we chose the name because of our chain of Hustler Night Clubs, but many remain curious about the origin of the name.

It is an interesting story, and although many of the regulars are already familiar with it, we think it bears repetition.

With the end of the War of 1812, the frontiers to the West were open again and people poured out of the North and East to carve their destinies out of the pristine beauty of the plains and mountains. The Great Lakes were, of course, heavily traveled and for many of the small towns along the more popular routes, it was a boom time. Such a town was Lewiston, a small riverport just north of Niagara Falls.

Realizing that the increase in traffic through Lewiston ensured a steady demand for transient lodgings, a local woman decided to open a tavern where the weary travelers could rest, enjoy good food and drink, and, hopefully, find good companions.

The woman's name was Elizabeth Hustler and the tavern became known as Hustler's Tavern. It was evidently a pleasant meeting place, for it became very popular, and most of the tavern's reputation seemed to be due to the unique bourbon mixture which Elizabeth served.

A note for students of literature, Americana, or trivia: it is reported that no less a celebrity than



Elizabeth Hustler

James Fenimore Cooper once had the good fortune to be served one of Ms. Hustler's famous bourbon concoctions. At the time, he was only a youthful midshipman on a cargo ship plying the Lakes, but he went on to write novels which accurately reflected the spirit of America's early years. He is said to have been so favorably impressed with the tavern that he based the character of Betty Flanagan (in his novel *The Spy*) on Elizabeth Hustler.

It is not out of reverence for James Fenimore Cooper, however, that our clubs use the Hustler Name. The reason is Elizabeth's bourbon drink which has proved to be so popular. Lacking plastic, or even wooden swizzle sticks with which to mix the drink, this innovative lady used a material of which she apparently had an abundant supply—the tail feathers of roosters. She would often leave the cock's tail in the drink when she served it, and in a short time the name was transferred from the stirring instrument to the mixture itself, and so the cocktail was born.

It was for this reason that it was decided to preserve the Hustler name—as a salute to the person and the tavern responsible for the invention of the cocktail.

Of course, when the urge came to publish our own magazine, the Hustler name was by far the only one considered. In addition to the historical significance, we feel that the Hustler is very much in tune with today's man on the go—the real Hustler.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE HUMAN

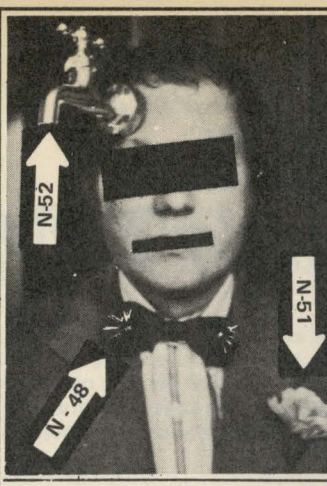


TO LOVE LEVY'S
small plastic eye

Y-312 LEVY'S BREAD
Hilarious take-off of famous ad series. 22"x28" \$1.00



Y-199 THE SAILOR MAN.
Brought to life in full color. 22" x 34". Only \$1.98



ICE CUBE
N-49 Tired of boring ice cubes? Try one of ours (with a real-looking fly inside) Will give you the creeps. Authentic and will last forever. Two cubes for 1.00 (no 2 flies alike)



RUBBER PENCIL
N-63 THE RUBBER PENCIL is here! So real even you will be fooled. Even feels real until you try and write. Brilliant 1.25, 3 for 3.98.

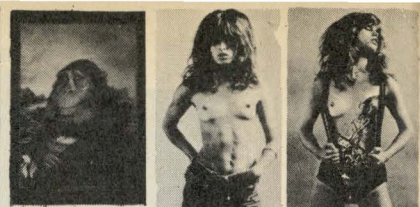


BENDING TEASPOON
YAN 12
N-76 BENDING SPOON Classic teaspoon with hinge folds in two when you stir or pick up sugar etc. VERY REALISTIC, boxed. \$80.00 worth of laughs, only \$2.49 each.

Classic "Laugh" Items Reissued By Yes Art

MEET MR. YES!

He's wearing our incredible new nostalgia classic—the electric bow tie. Battery operated. Clips on all shirts. Fully guaranteed to light up any party. Worth \$56.75 in laughs—our price just \$3.98. **MR. YES** is also wearing item #N-51 a DANDY PLASTIC ROSE that just happens to have a small hose attached to it so when your foolish friends try and smell it they get it in the kisser. \$66.25 in laughs—our price just \$1.50. But what about that faucet sticking out of Mr. Yes' head? It can be attached to walls, doors, windows—ANYTHING FLAT LIKE YOUR HEAD! It's so real it fools just about everyone. Item #N-52, only \$2.25. Anyone can operate it.



Y-200 MONA GORILLA Homage to Renaissance FULL COLOR 23" x 29" \$2.00
Z-27 UCHI #1 Full-color \$2.00
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Y100. STICKY YIPPI POSTER MOUNT. Brainstorm of hippie chemist forced to switch pads fast and frequently to avoid busts. Weird "stuff" instantly (and professionally) affixes posters to plaster, wallpaper, wood, brick, concrete—any surface! But (get this!) is reusable over and over, so you can move or change posters in 3 seconds flat! Ends tack holes, tape marks, torn edges. Enough for 6 (or 600!) posters, only \$1.00.

DO YOU TRUST US?
Y101 MYSTERY POSTERS! Let us send you two of our most unusual posters (not shown but reg. retail value \$5.00)—both for only \$1.00 with any order! MONEY BACK AT ONCE IF THEY DON'T BLOW YOUR MIND!



Y-433 BRANDO **Y-372 GARBO**



Y-365 PRESLEY **Y-373 GABLE**



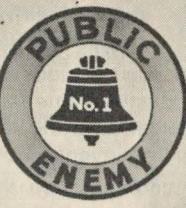
Y-131 FRIENDLY REMINDER. Full color 11" x 17" on heavy stock. \$1.00



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Y-18 COCA COLA IN HE-BREW! Red and White 19"x 25" A Classic Only \$1.50



B-47. PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. Rebel Against Bell. 23" x 23". Red, blue and yellow. \$2.00.



Y-447 Hell's Angels 29" x 39" 1.98

N77 BATHROOM HUMOR

Real chrome colored pay toi let (10¢ a turn) will even make a fool of you, it's SO REAL. But it ain't cheap. Sticks to all surfaces. \$3.49, (\$69 in laughs)



Y-448 GO BANANAS Full color photo-poster of the year 23"x29" only \$3.25



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Y-80 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY. You'll get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock. 12" x 17" \$1.00



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NOSTALGIA POSTERS

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Y-364 STOOGES **Y-255 MONROE** **Z-26 MARX BROS.** **Z-8 CHAPLIN.**

REVIEWS

BOOKS

SEX AND LIFE (AGAIN): GUSHES, SLOBS, SUBWAYS AND BUBBLES

The Life Swap, by Nancy Weber, Dial. \$6.95

Ways of Loving, by Brendan Gill. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$7.95

The Faith of Graffiti, by Norman Mailer. Praeger. (paper) \$7.95

The Boy Who Invented the Bubble Gun, by Paul Gallico. Delacorte. \$6.95

This unlikely quartet would cost the reader who succumbed to the improbable temptation 20 cents less than 30 dollars, which amount on a sale day would also buy five quarts of fairly good bourbon.

Never before have I looked upon the objects of my reviews as involved in a tormenting choice between a quartet of books and a quintet of bottles; but this decade's frequent head-on collisions between inflated bucks and deflated hacks make weird critical decisions more and more commonplace.

Normally Norman Mailer would not be included in this kind of wet-blanket as aside, but with his attempt to elevate the scrawls and sprayings of the subway to the heights of art (with a capital F), he earns the inclusion, entering the outskirts of Trashville draped in rusty clichés and mildewed metaphors. Well, everybody goes slumming once in a while.

But Nancy Weber, who gushed out her book like a damp-pantied high-schooler in her diary, belongs where she's at. Being single, she couldn't indulge in wife-swapping ploys, so life-swapping is the game she plays, telling all of us all about it in *The Life Swap*.

At the end of it all, she decides to leave Fun City. One can only hope she left her muse behind, too, leaning with bladder constrictions, bewildered to bursting, against the narrow wall between Male and Female johns in a Village bar.

Christ, one wants to care about the slips and shocks of Nancy in nance-land, chock full o' nutless and nutty, but she makes it impossible.

This would-be epic fizzle of a switcheroo had its genesis in an ad in the Village Voice, the yellow pages of a jaundiced world. Let your fingers do the stalking.

Nancy is a fluff-puffer for ladies' mags, with an artist lover named Trigger Mike, after either a famous horse or a case of ejaculatio praecox. She drinks Heineken on the rocks, has Steve at Saks pamper her locks, sprinkles Shalimar and tinkers with tantric yoga.

Out of all those who answer her ad, asking for anybody willing to switch lives with her for a month—the gutless wonder quits after eight days—, she settles on a sociology professor named Micki Wrangler. (Trigger and Wrangler?!)

Wrangler is a feminist militant (subtly distinguished from a militant feminist) with a Saturday-Sunday husband, a Monday-through-Friday lover, and scattered ad lib sexual partners of all sexes. She doesn't shave or use deodorants; and at least one of the joints she has contact with each day is smoked.

Does Nancy come to succumb? Is it worth seven bucks to find out?

Micki is disgusted. Nancy is hurt, but she still has—guess whom?

"My mother is Carol: Moo, Mummy, or Lorac, or BF (short for Best Friend, which she is)."

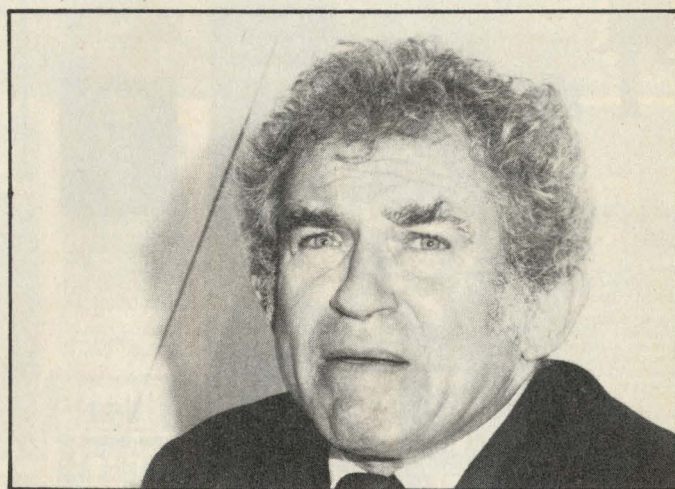
BF indeed.

Where Nancy Weber gushed, Norman Mailer's "artists" sprayed—all over the trains and stations of New York's transit system.

Most of these modern cave-painters are black or brown males who are supposedly grafting their nicknames and slogans onto the immortality of \$300,000 subway cars.

The aerosol artists are not, according to Mailer in *The Faith of Graffiti*, vandals with a small, hooligan v; but, in their way, as worthy of capitalizing the V as were the Germanic ravagers who sacked Rome. Sack the Old World, spray the New.

Mailer attempts to equate the fears of the ancient cave-painters, that their art went against the grain of some wordless cosmic laws and could be punished by lightning bolt or saber tooth, with the Fear of a sprayer that he might be caught and sentenced to a year in jail.



The Faith of Graffiti, by Norman Mailer

That's stretching; but Mailer's mind, along with everything else in it, does contain a helluva lot of metaphysical and surrealist silly-putty.

There are in the book many blocks of double-page color photographs of New York graffiti, credited to John Naar; but not even the occasionally brilliant prose and pose of the author make them seem more than hasty shots by retreating vandals—with a small, very small v.

Somehow related to New York, the world of Nancy Weber's switchers and Norman Mailer's sprayers, is the world of *The New Yorker* magazine, onto whose pages Brendan Gill has over the years poured much of the way he views the theaters of both the stage and the streets.

Ways of Loving is a collection of glimpses into lives on the stage that is the world, some less than a thousand words long, some longer than 10,000.

But Gill seems more often than not to be looking through the kalaidoscope of a rolled-up *New Yorker*: profundity is as polite as most TV talk shows, sentimentality is slick, and his depth is the skillful manipulation of shallows.

Only in "Fat Girl," does the author seem to believe, really believe, that outside the sophisticated smoothness of magazines there are inklings of tragedy grander than any semi-formally attired critic could sit through, phrase in mind, throat grabbed by something tighter than witticism.

Loving and eating, we all know by now, are emotionally and psychologically closely related—when they're not the same thing. Jeanne, a secretary handicapped by near-illiteracy, eats and drinks and screws with amiable indiscriminateness. She juggles glands, organs and appetites as wildly as her poor mind tries to prestidigitate clichés into ideas. The wretched end of an obese slob almost makes us yawn. Almost.

What is sometimes intriguing about Gill's writing is the feeling that some of fiction's oldest topics and "insights" have just dawned on him. The middle-aged lover in "End of an Exceptionally Short Affair" talks about the conflict between truth and kindness not as if he, but as if Brendan Gill had just thought about it.

The author has read too many of his own published pieces: the wry observer's vision has finally gone awry.

On the other hand, in *The Boy Who Invented the Bubble Gun*, vision has gone berserk. Cops are dumb, spies are dumb, lieutenants are dumb: well, they may well be, but mathematics is against their converging at precisely Paul Gallico's point—which may well be that there isn't any, and even I have missed it.

Perhaps a repainted descendant of Steinbeck's wayward vehicle, the bus that Julian, age 9, runs away from home on, to get to Washington and patent his bubble gun, is carrying a queer, a psychopathic killer, a teen-age couple looking for a safe place to shack, a colonel, and a dumb, dumb, dumb Russian spy.

In this "Odyssey of Innocence," as Gallico pretentiously calls this \$10,000-advance book, Julian escapes the homosexual, the killer, and the cops.

Somewhere along the line the plans for Julian's bubble gun are photographed and sent to Russia, and he loses his stutter.

One ends it all wishing he had been raped, killed and jailed—if not quite in that order. —Thane Michael Gower



MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER—RIGHT?

If you go to only one movie this year, go to see *The Conversation*. Even if you don't like thriller-spy-detective movies, catch *The Conversation*. In fact, even if you don't like movies, go to see *The Conversation*. You may have slept through *Z*, thought *The French Connection* just a slick action flick with no depth, and judged *The Godfather* "corny," but if you aren't at least intrigued by *The Conversation*, I'll eat all the movie ticket stubs in my raincoat pocket—lint and all.

It's a shame that *The Conversation* was released too late for this year's Oscars. It's early for next year's. I'm afraid that by next spring the impact of *The Conversation* will have blurred a little in people's memories and that a newer, more sensational trifle will cop the prizes. But maybe not. Jack Lemmon's *Save the Tiger* performance, which many of us saw a year ago, stayed alive long enough to win him an Oscar.

Mostly we have Francis Ford Coppola to thank for *The Conversation*. He wrote it, produced it, directed it. The only thing he didn't do was act it. That's what Gene Hackman does, and superbly. Coppola (who wrote the screenplay of *The Great Gatsby*, directed *The Godfather*, and produced *American Grafitti*) gets all his talents together for this film. As clever as *The*

Sting was in its Thirties replay and construction of an entire film around one cops-and-robbers joke, it is no match for *The Conversation*. This film interweaves several themes: a conversation between a man and a woman in a park, the techniques of those who make careers out of surveillance, the personality of a particular master bugger, and the operations of a CIA-type governmental agency. All the right 1974 ingredients are there—sex (in moderate degree, since the film's rated PG), mystery, psychology, and politics. And they're swirled before Coppola's cameras just enough to keep us fascinated throughout, leading up to a thrilling climax and a surprising, sad, amusing ending.

It's Gene Hackman's best role so far. He plays Harry Caul, a James McCord type in suit, tie, and plastic raincoat—even when the sun's shining or he's in bed with his girlfriend. Maybe the raincoat is a shield between him and the world. He's a Scorpio (what else?) and exhibits typical Scorpion qualities—extreme secretiveness, intensity, and a tendency to swing from being completely detached to caring too much.

On an assignment, Caul records a conversation that is the basis for the movie. He doesn't get all of it on tape clearly, but as the movie progresses more and more of the conversation is revealed. But never is *everything* revealed. Coppola doesn't insult the audience's intelligence. You have to figure out some things yourself. You and your favorite movie companion will have a lot to talk about afterwards, so plan your evening accordingly. —M.S.

Diahann Carroll, a 36-year-old maid who is a veteran of two marriages and two "consensual unions" that have resulted in six children, and James Earl Jones, a proud garbage man who is also the survivor of two marriages, carry on a love affair hounded by the welfare department. Claudine sounds like a situation comedy pilot, but it's being applauded as the first first-rate film that's concerned with what it's like to be black and poor in contemporary urban America—just black and poor and nothing more glamorous than that. Of course, Diahann Carroll is still a beautiful woman and James Earl Jones is still a powerful personality, and therein lies much of the movie's excellence.

Claudine is funny and frank (but PG) and effective. It's the first film produced by Third World Cinema, a company that was set up several years ago to give blacks and Puerto Ricans a chance to produce films about what it's really like to be black or Puerto Rican (or some other American minority). Quite a few firsts for a fine movie. —M.S.

Jean Eustache's The Mother and the Whore Discussed
X: . . . I loved the movie. You know, the advantage of three and a half hours is that there is time for the camera to dwell on the characters for seemingly minutes at a time. That steady gaze of the camera demands the actors sustain the mood of their characters. During the scene when the camera lingered on Veronica alone on the bed and later on Marie listening to a scratchy Piaff record and feeling miserable, I really begin to forget that I was watching a film; I felt like I was in the same room with them! O: I thought the camera was *never* going to move, that the film was *never* going to cut, that nothing was *ever* going to happen. And I was right! I have to tell you that I thought the movie was an absolute bore. Furthermore, I refuse to see another movie with Jean Pierre Leaud. He was as unnerving in this movie as he has been in every other movie. He was discovered in his adolescence some fifteen years ago, and he acts like he's still going through puberty! He always plays the frantic-around-women type of character, I suspect because he is really that way—as annoying off screen as on. You'd think that after all these years he'd be able to tackle different roles, different characters.

X: But I think he's funny. You're not supposed to take him seriously. He's supposed to be frantic and pretentious. I thought his Alexandre was interesting—the kind of man whose old lady must have an apartment because he can't afford one, the kind of man who needs to be *hopelessly* in love, the kind of man who sees poetic tragedy in cracked coffee cup and who is con-

stantly looking for excuses to drop another literary allusion. And it was interesting to see how other characters in the film reacted to him. Marie—the woman he was living with—thought all his pretensions were cute, charming even. Everyone seemed to accept him. Only Veronica saw what a fucked-up guy he was. O: No matter how interesting the characters, I don't think that any film can ride on conversation alone, especially when it's so contrived. Rohmer, Lelouch, Truffaut, Eustache—all French filmmakers seem to have mastered the art of pretention. The only line in the entire film that was worth saying was that imitators are better than the originals, the people they're imitating, and that originals like Belmondo drown in their own myths. I believe that. And I liked the girl who played Veronica—Françoise Lebrun—without her, I would have left the theater at intermission. X: She was great. She carried off Veronica's sexual ambiguity in a way that made Veronica real—not the source of confusion in the movie she would have been otherwise. She said she loved Alexandre, but I think she was incapable of love. It was interesting the way “we met her” at the same time Alexandre does—her face changes the more they see each other, the more we get to know her. And when she breaks down in drunken confusion—lamenting sex without love and at the same time insisting that there are no whores—I felt that I had known her for years. Watching Alexandre, Marie, and Veronica interact, I couldn't help but think of a so-called *manage à trois* that I was once involved in. The problem with *that one* . . .



BRITISH ROCK'S DECO-CHIC—1964-1974

by Jean-Claude Martinelli

Ten years of continental rock-deco! And I bet you thought the whole trend to mega-decadence started only a few years ago at best. Well, even though Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground were the first band to make an active musical position out of a decadent stance, in active rebellion against the glut of flower-power smothering the rock world, things were beginning to get fashionably frayed around the edges before that. 1964 was the exact year. Not only did that year witness the advent of rock's shining lights, the Beatles, and its peck's bad boys, the Stones; but a third, some say more sophisticated, band endeared itself to followers of the new pop—the Zombies.

When a tune called *She's Not There* first made the AM airwaves, a lot of us got some pretty terrific premonitions, much stronger than the vague stirrings caused by *She Loves You* and *Time Is On My Side*. Although those last two songs have stood the test of time well, they remain classically teenage in spirit, and not just because we were teenagers when the tunes were on the charts. But *She's Not There*, well, it was different. A little bit smokey, somewhat desperate, projecting a subtler confusion than one was likely to find in the usual ballads of teen trauma. Though enough teenagers identified with it to make it a spectacular number one hit, its jazz colors and sexually ambiguous vocals (a marked contrast to the boyish exuberance of the Beatles and the studied macho of Jagger and Co.) set the tune and the group way apart. It was a cool attitude, if not really adult, certainly the first indication that the new pop was getting to the post-graduate level, a full two years before *Rubber Soul*.

In retrospect, we now can get a closer look and listen to just how heavy the Zombies really were. The answer is: heavier than you thought, even if you thought they were heavy. Epic Records has just released a two-album anthology of the band's unqualified best over the four-and-a-half years they played together. As one looks back on ten years of British pop, especially in the light of the new rock-deco axis pioneered by David Bowie and Roxy Music, it becomes amazingly evident just how far ahead of its time this group was.


The Zombies rode the Beatles' Merseybeat coattails to the top, but their eclectic approach to that basic form of British pop-rock took it places it had never been before. On the first disc of *Time of the Zombies*, the listener hears a virtual encyclopedia of popular music styles, all filtered through the Zombies' unconventional treatment of the Mersey Sound. No one could have anticipated, for instance, the archly dissonant jazz keyboard stylings of Rod Argent bursting rudely forth in the bridges of *Whenever You're Ready* and *She's Not There*. Or the group's reading of *Summertime*, as Colin Blunstone's vocal style gently breathes a radically different kind of humid texture into the old song, while the band reads it almost offhandedly—just the right touch—behind him.

Those are a couple of the jazz-influenced tunes. One also should mention the bizarre rhythmic quirks of *Tell Her No*, the perfect Spector-sound-styling in *She's Coming Home*, the sheer beauty of *She Loves the Way They Love Her*, and that driving Mersey big beat present everywhere.

Record number two is a re-release of *Odyssey and Oracle*, the Zombies 1967 album for Date Records. It's a beauty. Romantic classical influence is much more evident here; after all, the level of pop sophistication and experimentation had reached its peak by then. *Odyssey* was very much in the Bee Gees-Left Banke style, which ironically had its genesis in the Zombies early work. Also included on the second album is the immortal *Time of the Season*, the Zombies last hit record, possibly their best. Throughout this invaluable set, one is continually made aware of the uniqueness of the Zombies' concept. This was the first totally European pop-rock sound of the Sixties. The beat has a hard edge, but there is a light gauze of effete decadence, woven mainly by Colin Blunstone and Rod Argent's ethereal vocals and Argent's arrogant keyboard explorations. Through the blase sophistication rides an undercurrent of desperation, most evident in the tension that the beat creates against the melodies, but also apparent in some of the lyrics. It's this quality, quiet desperation and confusion undercutting a facade of cool control, that the Zombies left to be picked up by contemporary European rock-deco artists, like Bowie, Mott the Hoople, Roxy Music, and the later Rolling Stones (in addition to America's Lou Reed.) *Time of the Zombies* makes this brilliant group's mark on Anglo-European music indelible.

Ten years after (pardon me, Alvin), Roxy Music, under the calculating command of composer-vocalist Bryan Ferry, brings the same qualities to a new brand of Seventies European rock-deco. Roxy/Ferry's jaded surface textures, fashioned out of obscure lyrical puns, dense electronic rock drones, and self-consciously mannered vocal stylings, are almost opaque. Each of Roxy Music's three albums require considerable effort in listening before one eventually gets caught in a strong psychological undertow of utter desperation, confusion, and menace.

It's worth the effort, especially on Roxy's latest album, *Stranded*, on Atlantic Records. This album may be the greatest single piece of European rock yet released in the Seventies. Certainly, Ferry has one of the most elaborately conceived and beautifully executed total concepts around. Now that the electronic welters of sounds constructed by former band member Eno are no longer present, there is less of a sonic fog to cut through. Ferry's artfulness is obscured less, but fortunately no less obscure. The greatest challenge in experiencing the Roxy picture is the unraveling of multi-layered sounds and lyrics, working from the outside in, and back again.

If you care to imagine a blend of persona as disparate as Marlene Dietrich, Dracula, Frank Sinatra, Elvis, and John Osborne's middle-class anti-heroes, you can get a small idea of what Ferry is projecting. The music sounds like none of the above. Which is to say, Roxy Music is brilliant, dangerous, and indescribable. Like the Dylan of *Highway 61 Revisited*, Bryan Ferry is deliberately arrogant and standoffish. He wants you to work hard, that's all. The rewards are well worth the effort—if you care to take a searing journey, *Stranded* in the darker nights of a human soul. 

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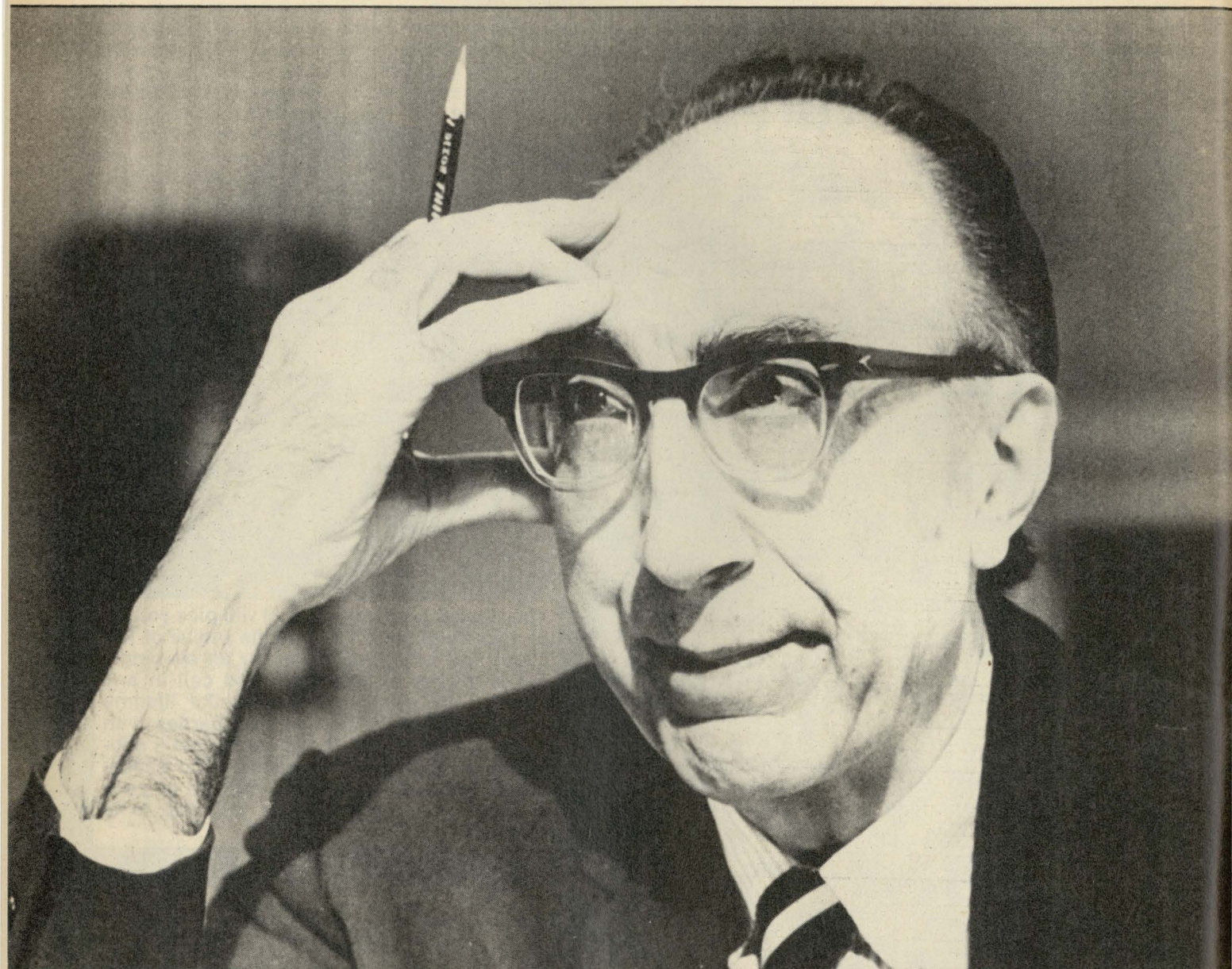


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HUSTLER INTERVIEW



SAVING YOUR HEART

World-renowned surgeon, educator, and pioneer, Dr. Michael De Bakey was born September 7, 1908, in Lake Charles, Louisiana. He received his medical degrees from Tulane University and held residencies in Strasbourg, France, and Heidelberg, Germany.

Dr. De Bakey's breakthroughs in surgery have won him universal respect and admiration. A sensitive and articulate man, he has perhaps won more honorary degrees than anyone in the world.

He is the director of the Cardiovascular Research and Training Center at the Methodist Hospital in Houston and Surgeon-in-Chief at Ben Taub General Hospital.

Dr. De Bakey does more than save lives. He is an introspective, philosophical man aware of the nuances of life. In this exclusive interview Dr. De Bakey's uniqueness emerges forcefully and fascinatingly. The interview was conducted by famed documentary filmmaker Joseph Sander.

HUSTLER: What made you decide to enter medicine?

DE BAKEY: I'm not even certain in my mind why I studied medicine—other than, from the very earliest memories which I have as a boy, I was interested in medicine and interested in being a doctor. To some extent this may have been because I was in close contact with doctors as a boy, because my father ran a drugstore, and in those days a drugstore was a kind of hangout for doctors, you know. We did a lot of their services for them. And then I just had a high regard for the doctors I knew as a boy and used to run errands for and that sort of thing. As I remember it as a boy, it seemed to me an awful challenging thing. It seemed to be a challenging problem, and challenges are things that have always interested me. I was interested in any kind of challenge—even a sports challenge.

HUSTLER: Were you involved in sports?

DE BAKEY: Yes. For example, when it came to playing handball, I just wanted to beat everybody. I was anxious to perfect myself, and I tried to learn as much about everything—whatever I did—to be as perfect as I could about it. To master something was very important to me, and as early as I can remember in school I wanted to master everything that I studied, and if I made less than a hundred on any test, or less than an "A," I was almost in the depths of despair. So if anybody beat me in class, why, it upset me. I wanted to be the best one. Why that is, I don't know. I can't tell you why. I think it's built into an individual. But once you taste the sort of satisfaction that comes from mastering whatever you do—the gratification that comes from it—you are just not satisfied with less. You want to continue mastering every problem you face and the challenge of it becomes extremely important.

HUSTLER: Was general surgery your first interest?

DE BAKEY: Yes.

HUSTLER: How did that evolve?

DE BAKEY: Well, because in my experimental work I was interested in circulation. That's how I developed and discovered and really invented the roller pump, because I was interested in circulation and I was trying to remake the circulation in models.

HUSTLER: Have you any insights into the essence that made you take those interests and move them beyond what was done?

DE BAKEY: Well, innovation, and sort of the challenge of doing something more, I think, do go together. I'm constantly thinking of ways and means of doing something better than is being done. I'm not satisfied with the way it is. Once we have achieved something, then I want to move on to another, I do not dwell on what has happened. You get the momentary satisfaction of having achieved it, but then the

real, I think, satisfaction comes from moving ahead to the next challenge.

HUSTLER: Have you thought what constitutes a challenge? What is challenge?

DE BAKEY: I think it's involvement. It's living. I think that's what makes you live. To me, that's living, you see. There is no substitute other than that for living. I think people are all constantly looking for some substitute for living, and there isn't any. You see, living to me is involvement in the solution to a problem, whatever it is, you know. Problem about a screwdriver. You see.

HUSTLER: Has failure been a part of your life, too?

DE BAKEY: Oh, yes, certainly. I think it is essential to living and to the challenge. I think failure is what makes you meet the challenge because if you didn't experience failure then there would be no fun in doing what you've got to do to achieve it, you see. So I am constantly experiencing failure. I think the most important thing about failure is that it not be accepted as a despair of living, you know; it has to be accepted as renewed challenge.

HUSTLER: Do you think that failure is an ingredient in success?

DE BAKEY: Oh, absolutely. Absolutely.

HUSTLER: It is a necessary part?

DE BAKEY: A necessary part of success, certainly. Anyone who achieves anything has experienced a lot of failure.

HUSTLER: But then success includes overcoming some of that.

DE BAKEY: That's right. Oh, absolutely. Oh, yes. But you accept it as a renewed challenge. You don't accept failure as a destructive element. Because once you allow it to destroy you, you're through.

HUSTLER: Tell us something about your daily schedule and something about how you prepare yourself to do the things you are doing.

DE BAKEY: You see, I usually begin my day about between 4 and 4:30 in the morning. I usually get up between 4 and 4:30 and then I work in my study, usually until about 6:30. In other words, I get about two hours during which I work in my study alone. This gives me, in a sense, a certain amount of time that I can be alone. During that time I am usually doing a number of things, but the urgent things I try to take care of and certain orders of priority. Frequently that's when I do my writing and planning. Then about 6:30 I start with my hospital work and I do an average of eight or nine operations a day, and that will keep me occupied during the day continuously until frequently 4 or 5, and then if I have a tough case, or a case goes bad 8 or 9 or 10 o'clock. Last night, for example, I was here all day and then all night. So that I usually get home 9 or 10 and then I have a meal. My wife usually prepares something for me and by the time I get to bed it's close to 11 or 12 o'clock. And

my day starts again the next day. So I have a very, very full day of activities. And, of course, I have a service. I'll average about a hundred patients in the hospital all the time and I see them. I don't always get to see all of them as much as I'd like, but I keep track of them with my people. They give me reports about them, but I try to see them at least once every two days and then if any of them get real sick I see them more times.

HUSTLER: How do you prepare yourself for that kind of a day?

DE BAKEY: I have no preparation. I am sufficiently experienced and am sure of what I know I can do and what I cannot do and so on, so that I do not have any fear of anything. I am confident most of the time about what I can do. And you know one of the things that you gain during your lifetime is a certain insight into your own ability and you see life is a form of competition with your fellowman and as you, in a sense, grow up and live and experience things during this period of time, you begin to develop a certain amount of, let's say, assurance about what you can do in accordance with the standards of your fellowman. And frankly, as time has gone on, I find that I can usually beat them at most anything I want to do. So that I have a certain assurance about myself. I am not indicating this in the form of a confidence that is superficial. This is a basic confidence in what you can accomplish and what you can do. And I'll frequently find that I can do things that other people can't do. Very simply, you know. Just to illustrate what I mean, as a very small example, frequently when I get up to the operating room they're trying to find a vein or they're trying to find an artery. Well, after they've tried for a while and have not succeeded, within a few seconds I do it. I can't tell you exactly why I can do this better than they can, it's just a certain amount of experience that you gain; instinctively you begin to be able to do certain things in a better way. So I don't prepare myself for anything.

To illustrate, I had the President of Singapore here to take care of and of course a big VIP in the State Department and naturally they've got security guards all around him and all that sort of thing. So when he first arrived he had a whole group of people with him, including a number of doctors, you see. And I told him even before he arrived, on the basis of information they gave me about him, what he had and what he needed to have done. And after he arrived we got all of our own group of doctors to work for me. Well, there was a lot of questions raised because of the seriousness of the problem in terms of the operation and so on. Well, I visualized the whole thing, told him exactly what needed to be done, what we would find and everything else, and his doctors and our doctors were not quite sure, and raising questions

about whether or not it ought to be done and so on. Finally it came to the point where he had to have virtually an emergency operation. I was in Philadelphia getting ready to give a lecture when they called me and I told them exactly why he was having the symptoms he was having and what needed to be done and urged that the operation be done immediately. And they said, well can you fly down. Well we got the air forces and plane for you right away.

I came down, operated on him that night, they were all there, they all saw exactly what I had said before, we found exactly what I said would be there and we did exactly what I said needed to be done. I had written the script before I had even seen the patient. And this very frequently happens. Very frequently.

Now, as far as preparing myself, I get up in the morning and I feel better at that moment and during that period than I feel the rest of the day. I have a kind of feeling that this is my day, the Lord has given me a new day, the night has washed away all these other things, and I'm starting with a new piece of paper and I'm living a new life, and I'm going to do the best I can that day and I feel good and you know it's a great sensation.

HUSTLER: You say you have four hours of sleep. The common belief was that to be healthy the body needs eight hours of sleep or ten hours of sleep.

DE BAKEY: Well, of course, that's a kind of old wives' tale because everybody is built differently. Now I am just lucky in having inherited this. My father was the same way. He rarely slept more than three or four hours, and he was strong and healthy and vigorous and very active.

HUSTLER: Did he live a long life?

DE BAKEY: Yes. He died suddenly of a heart attack while working in his garden when he was 86 years of age.

HUSTLER: That's a nice way to go.

DE BAKEY: Yes, he went beautifully. That's the way I'd like to go.

HUSTLER: Getting back to your career. Due to the circumstances, you can't continue to sustain life in everybody indefinitely.

DE BAKEY: No. That's right.

HUSTLER: Is this consciousness operating with you, or do you leave that behind?

DE BAKEY: No, no, no. You can't do that. I don't think any doctor can do that. You get involved. A doctor's life is very well expressed in the title of that book entitled *The Agony and the Ecstasy* and that is what it is really. You're ecstatic about the accomplishments of saving a person's life and rebuilding and bringing back to normal, but you have terrible agony about those you fail in. But this is what I said a moment ago about failure, you have to accept that and while you feel it keenly, you know, and during that time you feel very keenly, you don't let it destroy you.

HUSTLER: During the time of the actual work itself, is it not necessary to blot out in order to do the best job.

BE BAKEY: No. This is a part of your discipline. You don't blot anything out. You're there. You feel it very keenly but it is your discipline that works through it. That's right. This is what I mean by self-discipline. It doesn't affect your capability technically and judgment and that sort of thing, even though as you are working you realize the patient is dying and continue and every once in a while you overcome the fact, you bring him back from death virtually. But in a high percentage of those that are that critically ill you don't. Well, you have to accept reality, you see, and limitations, but you don't let it be so despairing that it destroys you to take up the next challenge.

And we have changed the picture of many of these things in the last 20 years. We've taken hopeless situations 20 years ago, and today 95 percent of them are successful, in many, many instances.

HUSTLER: Is your operating room distinctly different in any way?

DE BAKEY: Yes. Quite different. Many places have much of the same kind of things, but our operating rooms were designed by me and the equipment was designed by me, so that we do have some rather special things in there. They are especially designed and therefore different. Now others have similar things. You take for example what I mean by an operating table. You see, everybody has an operating table in an operating room, but our operating table is specially built for us, and they are the only models like it and they are so expensive, most people won't buy those. You see, they can buy an ordinary operating table. We were able to go into it and get some special money for this purpose and wanted to design the operating table the way we wanted it, so it is designed specially for us. Nearly everything in there is designed specially and I designed them because of the way I wanted things done differently. Now, it is the same old thing, you see, you have this constant desire to improve on the present, and that's what we did.

HUSTLER: Have you any insights into the essence that made you take those interests and move them beyond what was done?

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DE BAKEY: That's right. Oh, absolutely. Oh, yes. But you accept it as a renewed challenge. You don't accept failure as a destructive element. Because once you allow it to destroy you, you're through.

HUSTLER: Tell us something about your daily schedule and something about how you prepare yourself to do the things you are doing.

DE BAKEY: You see, I usually begin my day about between 4 and 4:30 in the morning. I usually get up between 4 and 4:30 and then I work in my study, usually until about 6:30. In other words, I get about two hours during which I work in my study alone. This gives me, in a sense, a certain amount of time that I can be alone. During that time I am usually doing a number of things, but the urgent things I try to take care of and certain orders of priority. Frequently that's when I do my writing and planning. Then about 6:30 I start with my hospital work and I do an average of eight or nine operations a day, and that will keep me occupied during the day continuously until frequently 4 or 5, and then if I have a tough case, or a case goes bad 8 or 9 or 10 o'clock. Last night, for example, I was here all day and then all night. So that I usually get home 9 or 10 and then I have a meal. My wife usually prepares something for me and by the time I get to bed it's close to 11 or 12 o'clock. And my day starts again the next day. So I have a very, very full day of activities. And, of

continued on page 73



THE HUSTLER SEXUALITY SURVEY

Were the sexcapades of the legendary Don Juan a myth or merely a fluke of history? How does today's hustling Casanova compare with past masters of the so-called indoor sports? **HUSTLER** has prepared a special sexual barometer to ascertain the lascivious appetites and feats of contemporary man. And don't forget to let us know how you scored so we can tally our readers' performances. Continued on page 28

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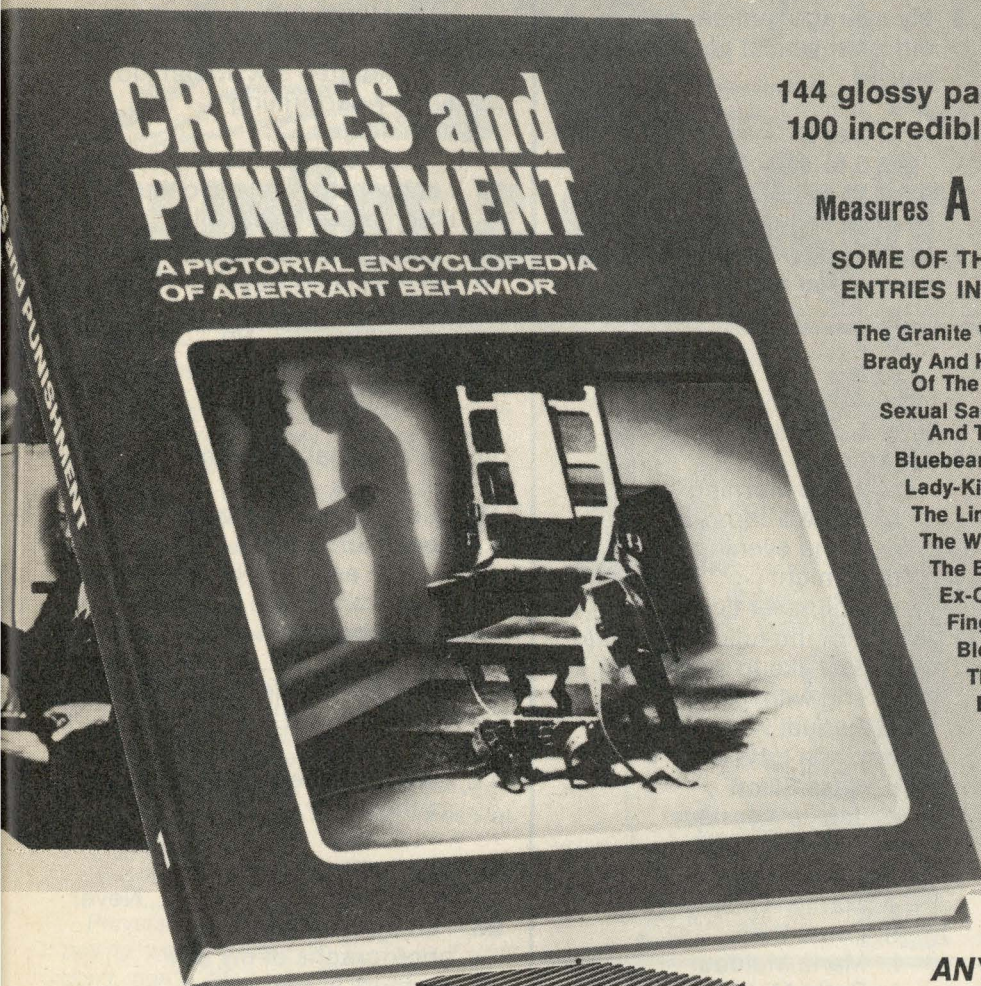
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THE HUSTLER SEXUALITY SURVEY

1. I have sexual relationships . . .
 - a. once or twice a month
 - b. once or twice a week
 - c. almost every day
 - d. at least once a day
2. I have a sexual climax (including masturbation) . . .
 - a. a couple of times a month
 - b. a couple of times a week
 - c. every day
 - d. more than twice a day
 - e. five or more times a day
3. My favorite type of orgasm is achieved by . . .
 - a. masturbation
 - b. oral stimulation
 - c. genital intercourse
 - d. anal intercourse
 - e. all of the above
4. The sexiest part of a woman is her . . .
 - a. mouth
 - b. breast
 - c. hips
 - d. ass
 - e. legs
 - f. ears, nose, etc.
5. When I have a sexual fantasy about a female, I see her . . .
 - a. naked
 - b. stripping
 - c. masturbating
 - d. performing fellatio
 - e. in a sexual free-for-all
6. I'm most turned on by the . . .
 - a. flapper look (a la Great Gatsby)
 - b. hippie look
 - c. classy mature woman
 - d. sexpot
 - e. modest, little girl look
7. I prefer sexual partners between ages of . . .
 - a. 13-17
 - b. 17-26

- c. 26-40
 - d. over 40
 - e. any age
8. My average number of different sexual partners per year is . . .
 - a. 1
 - b. 2 to 5
 - c. 5 to 15
 - d. 15 to 25
 - e. more than 25 a year
9. My favorite number of sexual partners at one time is . . .
 - a. 1
 - b. 2
 - c. 3
 - d. 4
 - e. 5 or more
10. I prefer sex . . .
 - a. in the morning
 - b. in the afternoon
 - c. in the evening
 - d. all night
 - e. whenever I can get it
11. Which of the following would you most like to spend the weekend with?
 - a. Raquel Welch
 - b. Linda Lovelace
 - c. Cass Elliott
 - d. Jackie Kennedy
 - e. Joey Heatherton
 - f. Lainie Kazan
 - g. Marilyn Chambers
 - h. Linda Blair
 - i. Maria Muldaur
 - j. Bette Midler
 - k. Loretta Lynn
12. How many of the following sexual acts do you know of or have you participated in?
 - a. 69
 - b. buttered bun
 - c. horseback
 - d. Indian style

- e. South Slav style
 - f. Chinese basket trick
 - g. Viennese oyster
 - h. Mongolian cluster fuck
 - i. toe jam football
 - j. knotted silk ribbon job
13. I enjoy performing cunnilingus.

___Yes ___No ___Never
14. I enjoy satisfying a woman as much as being satisfied.

___Yes ___No ___Never
15. I like sexually aggressive women.

___Yes ___No ___Never
16. I like sex other places than the bedroom.

___Yes ___No ___Never
17. I'm a sexual experimenter.

___Yes ___No ___Never
18. Porno films, magazines, or books turn me on.

___Yes ___No ___Never
19. Most women are hip to my sexual needs.

___Yes ___No ___Never
20. It is easy for me to seduce the woman I want.

___Yes ___No ___Never
21. I enjoy the seduction as much as the act.

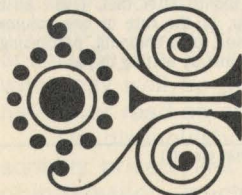
___Yes ___No ___Never
22. Sex is sometimes boring.

___Yes ___No ___Never
23. I enjoy seeing naked photographs of my sex partners in national magazines, like HUSTLER.

___Yes ___No ___Never
24. I would pose naked for a magazine.

___Yes ___No ___Never
25. Should there be photographs of naked men in HUSTLER?

___Yes ___No ___Never



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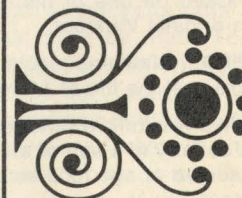
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Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The other night my boyfriend came up with an idea for more stimulating sex that made me wonder if I know him very well. He wanted to change clothes with me. I have two questions: Is Jeff a pervert? Should I go along with him and his sexual fantasies?

Eileen Baldwin
Des Moines, Iowa

Perversion is defined by those with opposing views. If you dig it, do it. If you don't, don't. Yes?

I'd just like to pass along a little sex trick that your readers might enjoy as much as I do. I just tried it and it works great. First you put some ice cubes in a dish and set it in the vicinity of your lovemaking spot—about an arm's length away. Then go to it! When you've got your girl crazy and coming, shove a cube or two up her box. She'll love you for it.

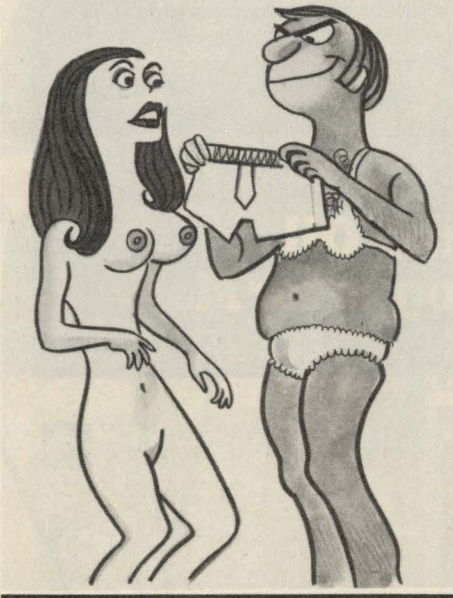
Tony Creswell
Baltimore, Maryland

Cool, man.

Is it true that anal intercourse is a current fad in New York?

Beth Roman
Chicago, Illinois

Whatever the going exception, chances are it's the rule in New York.



Recently, my boyfriend left me alone while I was cleaning his apartment. I couldn't resist looking into his briefcase, because he's always so secretive about what he keeps in there. I guess he forgot to lock it that day. Anyway, there beneath scattered expense account reports were photographs of nude women—each one in *his* bed! I was one of them; he took that photograph while I was sleeping. I have always believed that I was his one and only. We have been dating for five years and are soon to be married. I am very close to his parents who are such sweet people. I guess I don't understand my boyfriend very well. What do you think about what he's doing? Should I love or leave him?

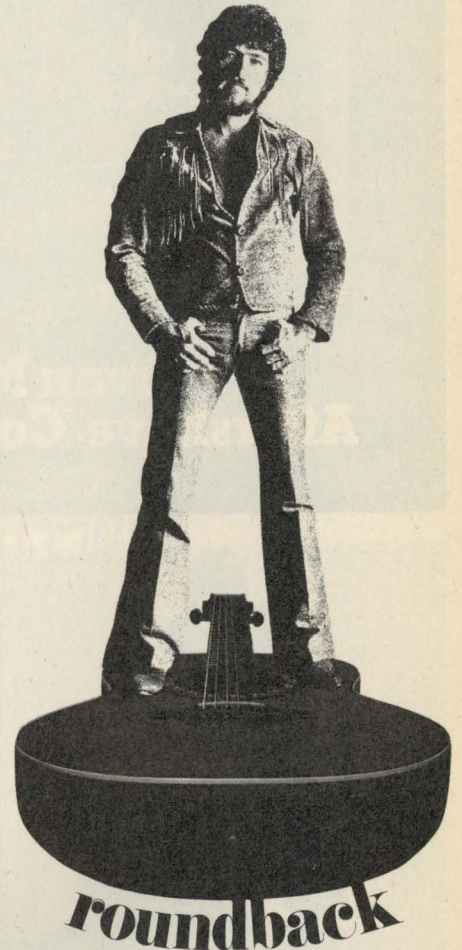
Unsign'd
Seattle, Washington

Without getting angry, tell him that you found the photographs. If he doesn't open up and let you in on his sexual kicks, then start looking around for another companion—sweet would-be in-laws or not.

Continued on page 30

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ADVICE & CONSENT

Continued from page 29

My husband and I are together again after a short separation. We've been married 15 years and there's not much left of our marriage. But we're trying to keep it together. I told my husband it's OK with me if he finds a girlfriend. He said that would be great. Then I told him I want the same freedom. "Oh no!" he said. "Men need sex more than women." What makes him think that? As far as I can tell, I need it more than he does.

Martha Fitzgerald
St. Petersburg, Florida

Myths die hard. See a councilor who can ease your husband into the 20th century. You both will be happier when he realizes horniness is not exclusively a male prerogative.

I've taken some photographs of my girlfriend and myself while we were making it. I keep the photographs in my office, and every once in a while I look at them. They really turn me on. What worries me is, what if I should die suddenly and my wife finds the photos in my office files? She'd be terribly hurt.

Frank Smithwell
San Mateo, California

Maybe what turns you on is the possibility that your wife will find the photos. Just tell your lawyer, so that in case of your demise he can get those incriminating shots out of your office before your wife comes in. In the meantime, don't feel all that guilty. Your wife may be getting some fringe benefits from your turn on. By the way, have you had your heart and blood pressure checked recently?



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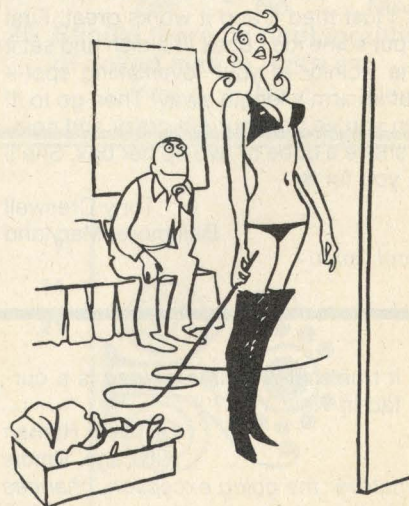
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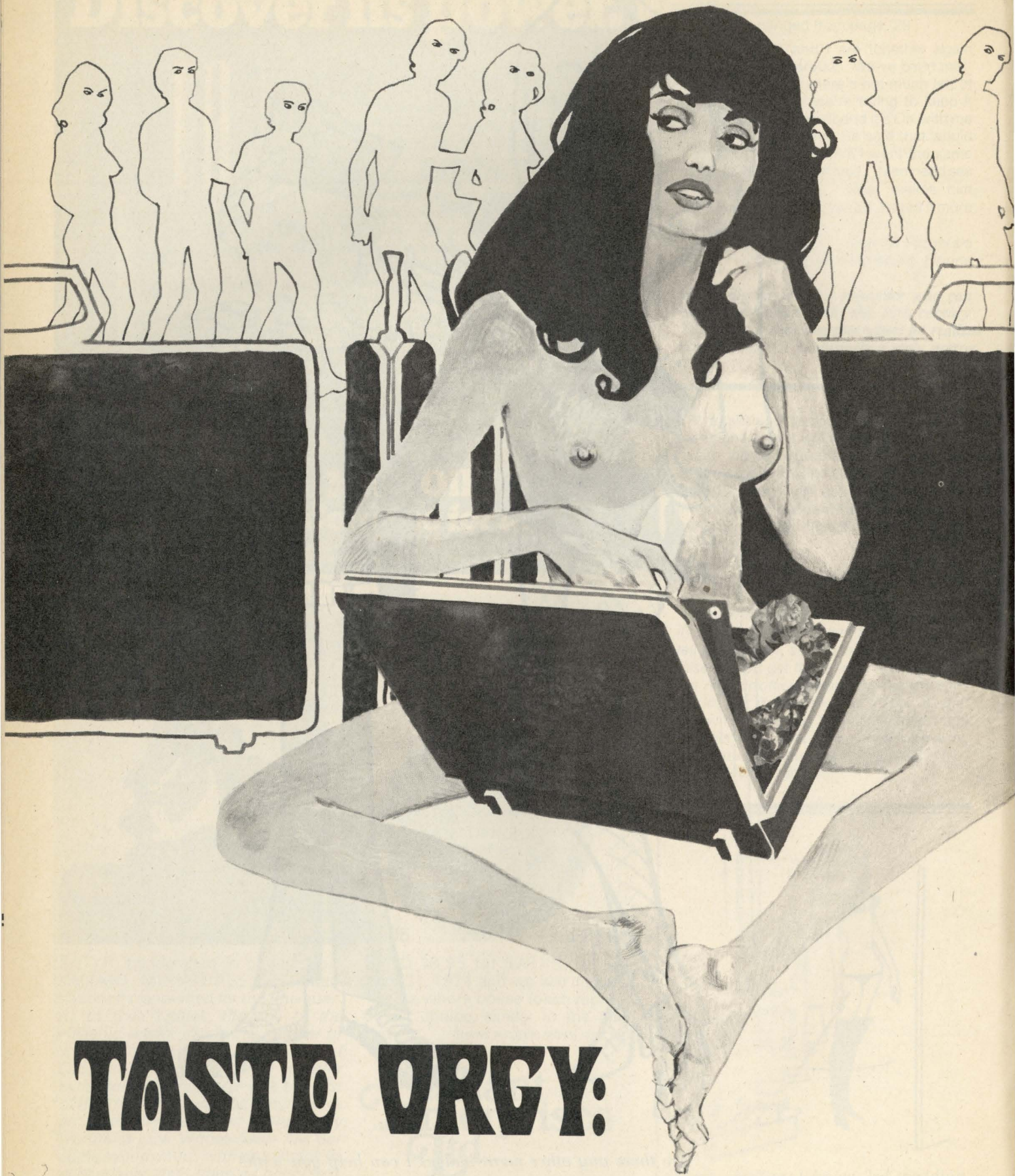
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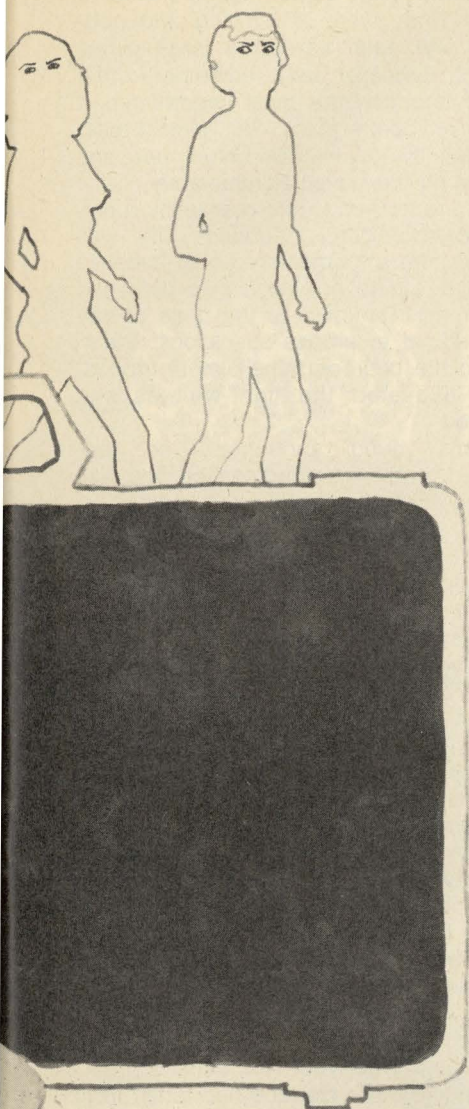
"Gosh, darling. I know 3rd wedding anniversaries are "leather," but . . ."



"Are there any other merit badges I can help you with?"



TASTE ORGY:



2041

By Ron Offen

For the second time in two weeks, Judy Bodenbender was taking her battered, antique attache case home with her. It made her co-workers uneasy.

Not that her actions weren't understandable. A heavy backlog of work had accumulated since the Master Computer had broken down. But such conscientiousness still seemed a bit ostentatious—as if she were bucking for a raise or promotion.

Judy hoped their suspicions ended there. She wasn't after anything as mundane as financial or organizational advancement. No, what she was working toward was no less than the total fulfillment of her secret, long-suppressed desires and needs. And this was proving a problem, even amidst the hedonism of the year 2041.

Now for the second time she was carrying home the means by which she would satisfy her longings—that very afternoon!—in one mad orgy of forbidden pleasure.

The week before, the case had contained a large phallic object. Now it held a round, flat, metal container.

Walking to a nearby pedestrian conveyor belt, Judy felt apprehensive about deceiving her fellow-employees. Perhaps her feigned eagerness would upset the delicate balance of the ten-hour week that she and her union had fought so hard to establish. Others, sensing in her excessive productiveness a threat to their own position, might also begin taking work home with them. She smiled to herself. If they only knew!

Still, this was the only way. Judy Bodenbender was not a particularly clever young woman when it came to working out clandestine schemes. And besides, nudity imposed great limitations on her project. Transporting anything as forbidden and unlawful as what she now carried for the second time in her case was a real problem for a naked woman. A few hundred years previously, before the advent of median-climate control made clothes obsolete, it would have been easy to carry her forbidden fruit concealed in the folds of a dress or sweater. Now, body coverings were not only unnecessary, but highly suspect.

She would have to hurry, she thought, hearing the distant blasts of the cloud-seeding rockets. The daily rainstorm would be coming down right on schedule in about 15 minutes. For some reason, the idea of the rain beating against her apartment windows as she lost herself in an orgy of delight spurred her excitement. Yes, the pitter-patter of raindrops was a crucial part of the elaborate plans she had developed over the past few months, a beautiful little touch that would add greatly to her sense of fulfillment.

As she sped toward the loading/unloading dock on the pedestrian conveyor,

she became momentarily anxious. Perhaps she had failed to insert her dock-card in the programming machine when she got on! It was due to such small idiotic blunders, she thought, that grandiose schemes such as hers went awry. But no, the belt came to a smooth stop at her dock. Now she had only a five-minute walk to her apartment. Then ecstasy!

She tried to ignore the shouts that came from behind her as she hurried along.

"Judy! Hey, Judy-baby, wait for me!"

It was useless. Suki Yamamoto, a recent emigre from the Eastern Sector, came pumping up beside her. Though she didn't exactly dislike Suki, she was in no mood to stop and chat with him just then. Consequently, Suki's tiny member and enormous testicles, which she usually found mildly amusing, seemed rather repellant. She kept her eyes focused on the oriental's smiling face as she turned to greet him.

"What's the rush," Suki panted. And before she had time to answer, he added, pointing to her attache case, "What's this? Brown-nosing for a raise?"

Judy wished that her questioner would display a trifle more of the restraint and inscrutableness that supposedly once characterized his race.

"No, no—nothing like that," she said with forced joviality. "It's just that our Master Computer is out of whack, and I want to keep up with the backlog that's accumulating." She patted her case to emphasize her point.

"Well, maybe you and —say what is the name of that guy you're living with these days. . . ?"

"Bob Selby," Judy replied, beginning to feel desperate about the time.

"Oh yeah, great stud, that Bob," the oriental snickered. "Anyway, Yoko and I were wondering if you two could come over to our place later tonight. We've got some new stimulators and simulators from the old country that Yoko and I are dying to try out on you folks."

"Oh, I'd love to—but not tonight," Judy shook her head, trying to look disappointed. "Bob's away at his Pleasure Group's Simulated Rape Games, and won't be back til later this week. And I've just got too much homework to take the time. Besides, I'd hate to leave Bob out of all the fun."

"Sure, sure, bring him along. Yoko is nuts about the way he performs. I only hope we haven't worn out the tricky little devices before you can get over. We're supposed to have the Klingers over tomorrow, and you know how insatiable those two are."

"You can say that again," Judy agreed, hastening her pace. "And so thoughtless. We had a session with them on our new bed last week and they

didn't even offer to help make it up again."

Suki shook his head in amazement.

"Just lucky for us not everyone is so inconsiderate," she went on. "You take Betty and Frank Nuddleman, for example—they were over to keep me company last night while Bob's away with a quick game of *Manage a Trois*. You can bet that they didn't leave before putting the bed back in order again."

"No, no," Suki smiled, "those two are great—in more ways than one. But you know I've never played on your Party Bed, just how big is it?"

"It'll hold ten couples," Judy said with a touch of pride in her voice. "As Bob always says, 'If you can't go first-class in your bedroom, how can you entertain properly?' And I've been wanting one that size ever since I was a kid."

Suki was about to say something, but a crack of thunder cut him off. Hearing the noise, Judy quickened her pace to a near-trot so that her stubby companion had trouble keeping up with her on his short, bandy legs. By the time they arrived at Judy's apartment building, he was out of breath. As she waved goodbye and headed up the walk, he gasped, "How . . . about . . . next Friday, then?"

"Fine, swell," Judy shouted, walking as fast as she could backward. "I'll tell Bob—and maybe the Nuddlemans, too—and we'll try to think up something special for you and Yoko."

She was already out of earshot when Suki said something in reply. She just kept nodding and smiling as she turned and scurried for her front door.

"Well, if it isn't lover-girl," Frank said, sidling over to her and rubbing his groin against her hip.

"Hi, Frank," she responded. She thought of giving a quick yank to his already swelling member, but decided against it. Every minute was precious now.

On her way into the building she almost knocked over Frank Nuddleman. She was feeling panicky now, because the first raindrops were falling. What rotten luck, running into him just now, she thought. Probably, he'd expect her to make small-talk about their previous night's entertainment.

"Betty just couldn't get over how wonderful everything worked out last night," he said. His hands had found their way to her shoulders and were moving slowly down to her breasts. "What do you say to a repeat performance tonight? Betty's got something going with some of the guys and gals at her office, but I could probably dig someone up."

Now the rain was splattering big drops on the sidewalk outside. Judy already had her code-card in the door's control-slot and was trying to ease away from Frank's half-embrace when the idea struck her that perhaps she might share her forbid-

den pleasures with him. Certainly, he was liberal-minded enough to trust—in fact, he'd even hinted once or twice that he had broken the taboo that had tortured her imagination for so many years.

But could she trust him? And were Frank's hints of secret profligacy mere talk to attract attention? Suppose she did offer to share her moment of ecstasy with him and he recoiled in horror . . . and told all their friends . . . and Bob!

The thought of Bob eventually finding out made her suddenly uneasy. She thought of him innocently enjoying the Simulated Rape Games and realized she could never deceive him in that way. The fact that she was about to indulge her own perverse cravings was bad enough and already had her conscience nagging at her.

In any case, sharing her secret delights with Frank was out of the question. She slipped one hand down to the small of his back and pressed him to her as she opened the door. His tongue delicately traced the inner edge of her upper lip.

"Mmmmmm, later," she said, pulling away. "Maybe tomorrow."

Frank Nuddleman pouted as she moved inside. "Mean" he mouthed through the heavy glass of the door. "But tomorrow, for sure!"

Judy shook her head vigorously and waved before turning to the elevator.

Once inside the apartment, she put her attache case down on the front room floor. Then, after carefully activating all the visual deflectors that would keep prying eyes from peering in through the apartment's glass walls, she went to a closet and carefully removed an antique movie projector. She had purchased it some weeks previously, supposedly because Bob wanted to transform it into a lamp. Luckily, he had a passion for quaint *objet d'art*.

She was becoming excited now and felt her palms growing damp. Gathering up some plastic sheeting that she'd saved for some time, Judy returned to the front-room and spread the plastic over the floor like a large picnic blanket. There would be no trace of her activities, she thought, after she'd finished.

Next, she set up the projector and focused it on the blank wall across from where she sat, taking a quick weaselly look around her to see that all was safe. Then she opened the attache case and extracted a silver canister.

The first few inches of film were torn and cracked from age and use. She fed it into the projector carefully, making sure the edges caught in the teeth of the machine's sprockets. In her eagerness to dim the lights, she accidentally set the projector in motion. As the film started unreeling before the stab of bright light, there was first darkness, then the outlines of a few shadowy figures on the

wall before her. She quickly adjusted the lens.

Two men and two women in eye-masks came into a grainy black-and-white focus. They were all smiling and nodding, and each carried a large picnic basket. Suddenly Judy remembered that she'd forgotten the most important part of her elaborate plans. Still, almost mesmerized by the images before her, she turned off the projector reluctantly.

As she hurried to the rear utility room, the communicator sounded. She was thrown into a momentary panic because she didn't dare answer it in a darkened apartment. Darkness at that time of day was bound to arouse suspicions. Rushing to the bedroom, she almost tripped, then activated the light-wall as she entered.

Bob's young, sun-tanned face appeared on the small screen on one wall as she activated the bedroom outlet.

"Hi, sweetheart. What took you so long?"

"Just got in," Judy tried to appear unruffled. "Suki and Frank held me up on the way home."

"Where the devil are you, in the bedroom?"

Just like a man, she thought, always suspicious. "Wha-oh yes," she faked. "I had to get a new tape for the Compuwriter. I brought some work home from the office."

They chatted for what seemed an eternity to Judy. But finally she saw the face of one of the other young men in Bob's Pleasure Group emerging from behind Bob's face. He said something inaudible, then burst into laughter.

"Well, gotta go now, sweetheart," Bob smiled. "Have fun, don't work too hard, and don't forget your Nutrients."

Almost before his face had faded from the Communicator screen, Judy was once again rushing for the rear utility room. On the way, she brushed against a hall table, knocking a bottle to the floor. She cursed as she bent to pick up the spilled contents, making a mental note to check the area later for any strays she might have missed.

Placing the bottle back on the table, she saw a note from Bob. In the dim light she was able to make out, "Be a good girl and don't forget your Nutrients."

"Nutrients," she said to herself with a look of disgust on her face. "Who needs them?"

Once in the utility room, she withdrew a model spaceship box from beneath Bob's workbench. In it was hidden the phallic-shaped object she had brought home in her attache case a week previously. It certainly was convenient having a model-building, handyman around she thought, racing back to the front room.

Now, finally, all was ready, she sighed to herself. Once again she eased her-

Continued on page 80

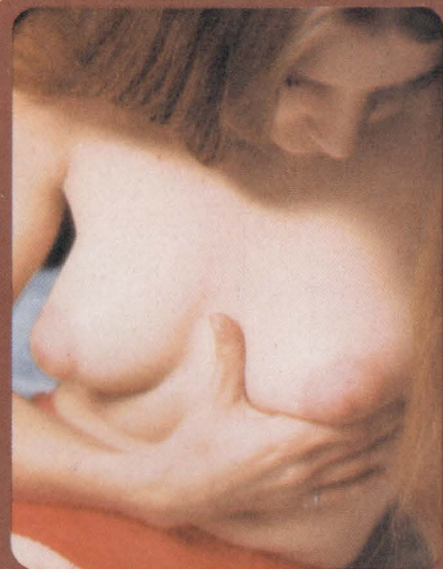
KAREN



Photographer *Frank Lerner*

How did the song go?
"Girl in the hay, girl in
the hay keeps the doctor
away." No, that wasn't
the song. Sorry about
that. There's another
one. Bobby Short sings
Cole Porter's tune:
"You've got that thing,
you've got that thing
that makes farm boys
desert their farms,
you've got that thing."
Well, of course, if she
goes back to the farm,
watch out! There ain't
nobody gonna desert
the farms!





She's got a story to tell: "I lived in a big city for six months once, and I almost lost my sanity. There's no individuality in those places. I went to the big town because I wanted to model and make a lot of money. Well, I did, but at what cost! Every moment I was terrified that I might get raped"—there's no rape insurance yet—"or that my apartment might be broken into. So I said, to hell with all this, I'm going back to the country. I now lead a quiet life now, working three days a week in a charming restaurant five miles from where I'm living. I'm at peace with myself. And someday I'll find my man, too."



This story has a beginning, a middle, and an end.
One ought to be happy with such small pleasures.



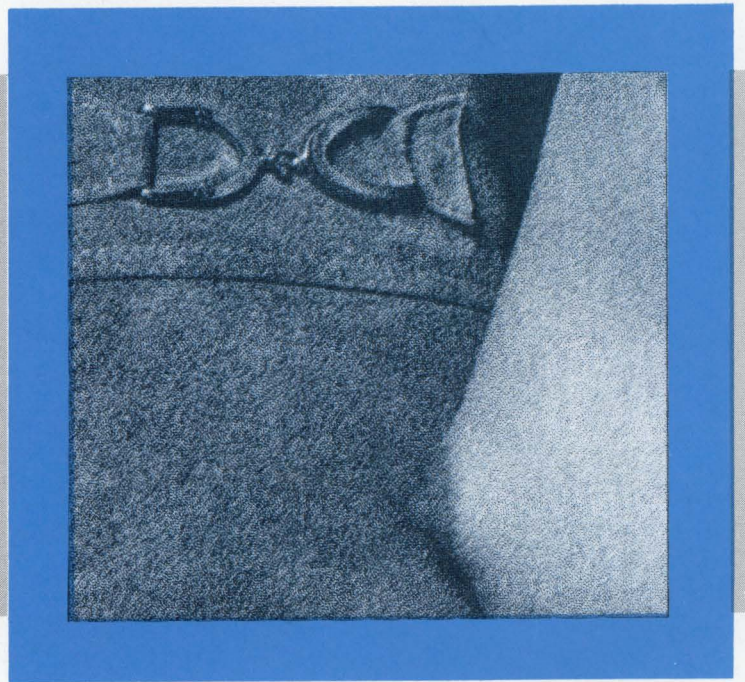






"Tell the boss I won't be in today . . . I think it's something I ate."

FASHION




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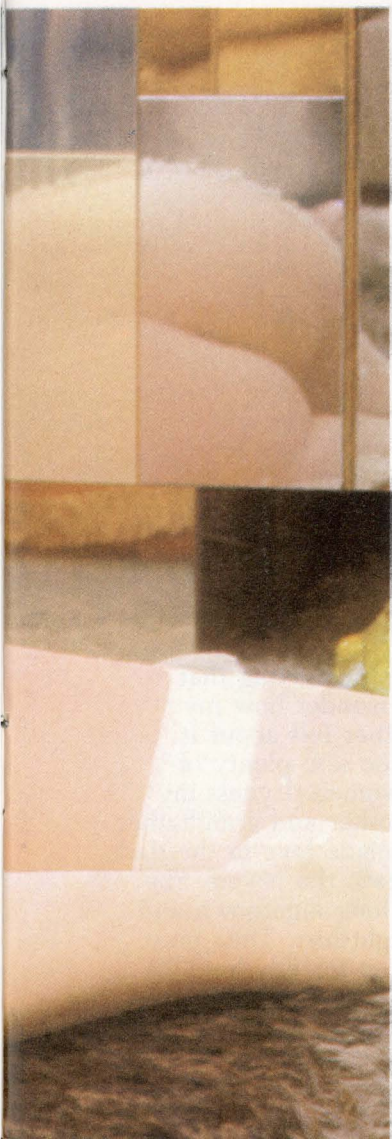
Reverie



Photographer Frank Lerner



Sometimes I love to be naked. I know a photographer who believes that every woman should be photographed in the nude sometime. It makes them more accepting of their own bodies, he says. Many women do not think their bodies are pleasing. They need men to tell them they're beautiful. A camera can do that, too. "That's my body," a woman can say then. "That's me. And I'm beautiful, aren't I?" I feel sorry for my grandmother. She should have been photographed nude. Maybe then she could have looked at naked men.





"I've never seen a naked man." I remember my grandmother saying that once. I wonder how my grandfather felt about it. I'll bet he saw plenty of naked women. I guess my grandmother and grandfather always made love in the dark, underneath the covers. She wore a long nightgown and he, a nightshirt. They must have been terribly hot, especially in the summertime.



HUSTLER'S HONEY/AUGUST 1974







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hustler humor

It was not particularly surprising to learn recently that Democrats generally have more children than Republicans. After all, who ever heard of anyone enjoying a good piece of elephant?

"Hey lover," said the hippie to a pretty flower child he'd just met, "have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

"No," she answered, "but I bet it really hurts."

A wedding ring may not be as tight as a tourniquet, but it does an equally good job of stopping circulation.

The doctor was extremely puzzled by the wax he found in the navel of the sweet young thing he was examining, but was relieved by the plausible explanation that her boyfriend liked to eat by candlelight.

One couple made it clear to the hotel desk clerk that they needed a room where they could be obscene and not heard.

Then there was the boy who gave his date a severe tongue lashing because she had forgotten to take her pill.

The sophisticated lady was approached on the dance floor by a gentleman slightly her junior.

"I'm sorry," she said in a superior tone, "but I couldn't dance with a child."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

The hungover couple dawdled over a mid-afternoon breakfast, after a particularly wild all-night party held in their fashionable apartment.

"Dearest, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the library last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively, and then asked, "About what time?"

"Alright, lady," said the bill collector, "how about the next installment on that couch?" The lady shrugged. "Better than having to give you money, I guess."

A pair of inebriated strangers struck up a friendly conversation at a bar and the subject soon got around to sex, as it usually does.

"Say," said the first fellow, smirking, "have you ever been so drunk that you kissed a woman on the navel?"

With a mighty effort, the second sot propped himself up and said, "Drunker!"

Nothing keeps a girl on the straight and narrow more than being built that way.

"Why do you lower your eyes when I say 'I love you'?" the young man asked the attractive girl in the nudist camp.

"To see if it's true," she replied.

When a boy is young, he thinks girls are made with sugar and spice and everything nice. When he gets older, he discovers it only takes sugar.

"My sex life has improved immeasurably since my wife and I got twin beds," the business executive confided to an associate.

"How can that be?" the associate asked.

"Well," replied the exec., "hers is in Connecticut and mine's in Manhattan."



"There, there, doctor. Not everyone can make a monster."



AUGUST

ANATOMY OF A DRUG BUST

By John Hampshire

Drive to any of the hundreds of large state or private universities in America on a Friday or Saturday night. Park the car and walk into any dorm or student apartment building. If you don't smell dope you don't know what dope smells like.

Only a decade ago it was a major, exciting event to go in someone's room, stuff towels under the door to keep in the air, and with much paranoia pass around the joint. Now it's simply part of the daily or weekend routine for a large portion of the college population. Said a California junior, "I have this friend you should meet, because she's really unique; she *doesn't* smoke grass. Can you imagine someone who doesn't smoke dope?"

Now, there's not a university administrator around who will admit that a single lid of marijuana has entered his campus. To do so would mean to lose millions in alumni and corporate gifts. For the sake of both the students and school, it is simply not discussed.

But every now and then something happens and drug arrests are made on campuses. It doesn't occur very often, and the university usually deals with it by releasing statements of relief that "the few drug users at State have been properly apprehended."

The question this writer sought to answer is: Of all of the hundreds or thousands of dope users and sellers on a given campus, how do the cops decide which few to bust?

Of course, the answer probably varies from place to place, but I selected one large Midwestern university to examine, and ended up looking mostly at one interesting case.

On this campus a total of nine students had been arrested last school year, all accused of both possession and selling. Three were soon found "not guilty" by the court and dismissed, without much publicity. These three had been arrested at the same time, smoking grass and using LSD. I asked around casually if they'd really had the stuff, and it was clear that they had. In fact, one of the people proudly told me so himself.

How did they get off? As one of their friends put it, "Two of their fathers are lawyers and the other is a doctor."

Of the other six arrested that year, one was obviously not guilty and charges were dropped instantly. The other five were all arrested in the same bust. Two were released for lack of evidence, and two of the others were soon released. The latter two, according to friends, were very guilty but "paid a lot of money to a friend of theirs."

All of the eight people mentioned above are whites. The remaining individual arrested for dope is black. Of the nine, he is the only one whose case continues. At the time of this writing, it has been a year and a half since his arrest.

We'll call him Jack.

On the day of his arrest Jack was in the middle of his last semester of his senior year at a respected Midwestern University. He was spending the semester student teaching at a junior high school where he had done so well that the principal offered him a permanent contract beginning the next year.

Jack was loved by the students at the junior high school. He held special classes after school for eighth graders with third grade reading levels. He turned the students on to reading by offering sports books for the boys and fashion books for the girls.

"Most of the kids aren't into learning. Neither was I when I was their age," says Jack. That's why it's fun for me. I know what kind of shit they are trying to pull on me because I pulled it myself."

Jack grew up in one of America's worst innercities, precisely in its center. He remembers only a few things from his early childhood. "When I was two I had this pet chicken that was probably my best friend. But a rat killed my chicken before I reached three."

At age three he was layed up from a tricycle accident, and by age four his playmate, a junkie, had died. Says Jack, "Our parents told us not to play with this guy because they said he was crazy, but we didn't understand. When he'd nod off we'd think he was just tired from

playing so hard with us."

Jack's life took an important turn in the fifth grade, through an acquaintance who eventually led Jack on the path out of his ghetto.

Jack's fifth grade teacher was the wife of a Green Bay Packer. "He'd come to school with her," Jack recalls, "and he'd be wearing that gold football around his neck. I thought he was the most fantastic dude in the world. This guy really had it all."

In high school Jack was a star athlete. His team was the first all-black school to win the state football championship. Jack was named to the all-scholastic as a halfback and won the state meet for the quarter mile in track. His mother still maintains the full case of trophies he's given her.

It was athletics that got Jack into the highly rated university, and there were fears that Jack would not be able to do well enough in the classes. "I was probably more afraid of failing out than anyone who knew me. But during my freshman year I decided that there was a lot more to life than playing ball and I got down to business. I decided I wanted to be a teacher and to do everything right for my students that my teachers had always done wrong for me. So I majored in education."

Jack's college grade average is "B", and even higher in his teaching courses.

Now, though, it seems to him that it will never make any difference. Newspaper headlines about his arrest brought pressure from parents for the junior high school to cancel his student teaching. That was a year and a half ago, and today Jack is a few long weeks of student teaching away from his degree. But even if he had the degree, he's lost his job offer from the junior high school that loved him so much.

His students showed him that love on the day after his arrest. A group of them visited him at the jail, where the surprised guards promptly evicted them.

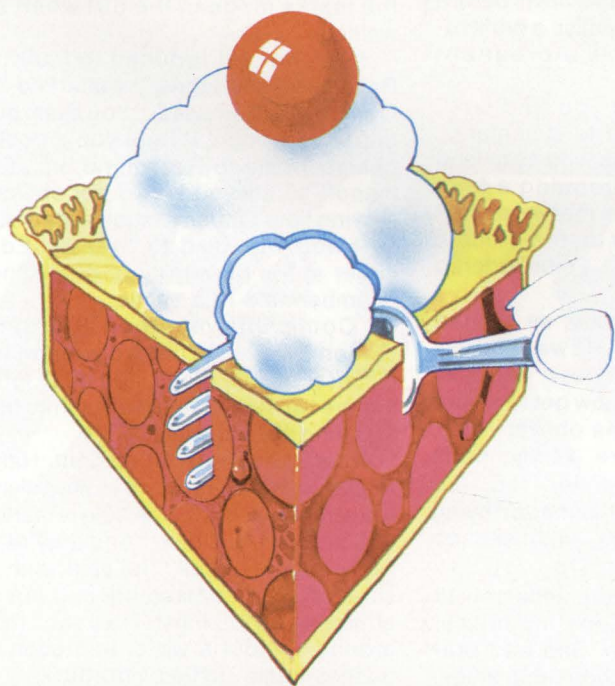
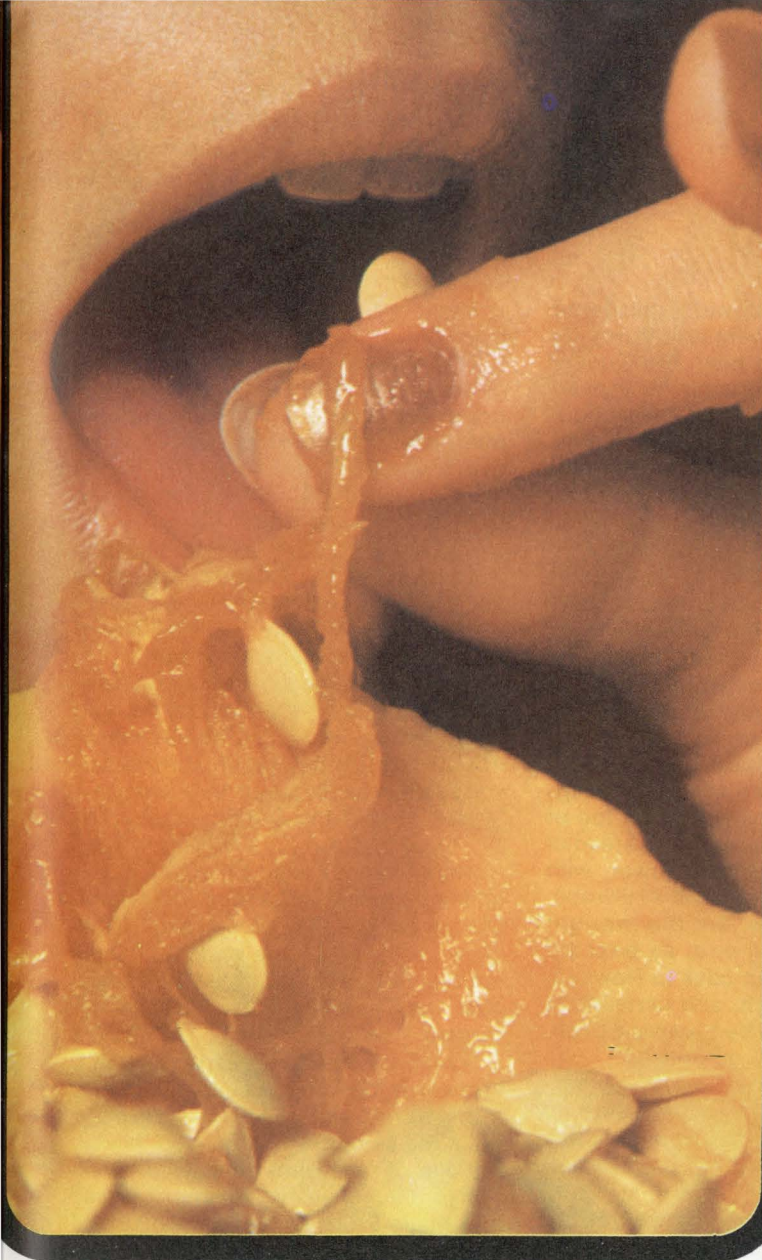
In jail, Jack got a taste of America at its lowest, and that taste lingers and affects his attitudes.

Continued on page



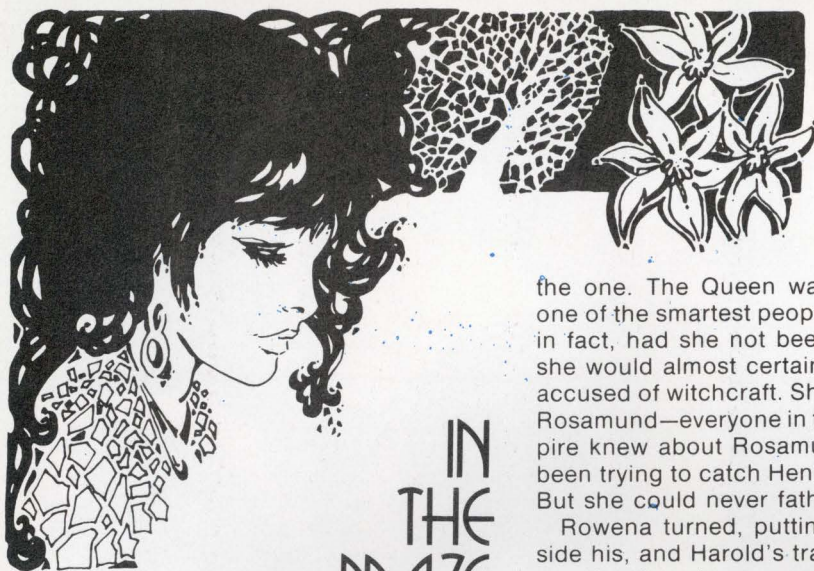
It was a strange dream. I found myself standing before a rather effeminate, slinky blond man. He helped me off with my coat and I realized I forgot to dress. "I don't know which of us is more wrong," he mused, "you walking around naked or me wearing clothes." I touched his cheek and asked, "Are we dreaming?" He laughed, while I looked around the room for the answer to my question. He disappeared and a bowl of fruit appeared in his place. Grapes, tomatoes,

**what
are
you
eating?**



peaches, melons, bananas—all plump, yet ominous. Eat, a voice said. An invitation or a command? I was afraid.

The peach seemed the least threatening; I held it in my palms and rubbed my nose against the fuzz. Then I bit down—beyond the skin into the cool jelly tissue. Juice ran down my chin as I sucked as much as I could for myself. My tongue slid in a crack I had made with my teeth and lifted a portion of peach into my mouth. I was no longer afraid. Sucking well is the best revenge.



IN THE MAZE

"Harold," whispered Rowena, gently rocking his head. "Harold, once again."

Harold opened his eyes lazily, and rolled on his side. She lay there, invitingly, her arms open to him. "You are adorable without your clothes," he whispered back.

She was. Once free of the frayed and ragged sacking that now lay in a heap under the bushes, Rowena was quite a sight. She was blond, as were most peasant girls of Saxon heritage. Short, she would become fat in not too many years, but now in her youth her voluptuous curves were filled in just the most provocative manner. Her full breasts swelled invitingly, and he traced with his hand the graceful curves of her legs and flank, to what lay beyond.

"When will you get rid of your wife?" she asked.

"Does it matter?" Harold countered, quietly.

"I know you're scared of her," said the blond, slightly aroused. "If she should find us. . . ."

"She won't," replied Harold. "At least, not in here. What's good enough for the King is certainly good enough for us."

Rowena was not satisfied, but could think of no fitting reply to such an argument. Caressing his body thoughtfully, she tried to convince herself of the power of his argument. It was true, logically, there was little likelihood of discovery here. They lay in the hedge maze built by King Henry to hide his mistress, Rosamund, from the Queen. And Queen Eleanor was a much more imposing figure than Harold's wife Edith could ever be. That much even a peasant's daughter had heard.

Harold, too, was not totally convinced. He considered the position as he responded to his mistress's gentle touch. However, King Henry's mistress was considered safe here, when she was not kept at the castle—and if anyone would know, King Henry would be

the one. The Queen was considered one of the smartest people in Europe—in fact, had she not been the Queen, she would almost certainly have been accused of witchcraft. She knew about Rosamund—everyone in the whole Empire knew about Rosamund—and had been trying to catch Henry for months. But she could never fathom the maze.

Rowena turned, putting one leg inside his, and Harold's train of thought was broken for a moment. A lusty shepherd, he had even more stamina than his Saxon heritage might suggest, and Rowena could match him. He grasped her back and buttocks, and rolled her gently over.

"How pleasant it must be for them," he thought. He could even now imagine himself as Henry, rolling on top of the fair Rosamund on sheets instead of under a bush. A scented bower, with the most beautiful woman in all Europe. Henry should know. But the thought was only a fleeting one, as passion brought his attention back to Rowena. She was fair enough, and certainly of consummate skill in bed, under a bush, or wherever.

"How nice!," A new, cuttingly sarcastic voice interrupted the sport on the ground. The couple, who had been so closely in each other's embrace, sprang apart quickly. There, standing over them in full clothing was Edith, Harold's wife. Her steely eyes noted every detail, and seemed to dissect the two naked beings on the lawn before her. Her face did not promise a benevolent mood. There was a pregnant pause.

"How, . . . how did you find us?" Harold finally managed to stammer.

"Your fine lady was so kind as to lead me," replied Edith, dropping a faint curtsy to Rowena, who merely shifted uneasily where she lay on the ground. "Get up, both of you!" Edith ordered briskly.

Harold obeyed quickly, as he had always obeyed his wife. He was horribly conscious of his nakedness, and only wished he could somehow get to where his clothes lay. Rowena obeyed, also, but sullenly and more slowly. Edith had always impressed her, too, but did not have quite the same terrifying effect that she always exercised on Harold.

"So, you thought your little roll in the bushes would escape my notice, did you?" began Edith. She had prepared this speech a thousand times,

but now she cut it short, for both of the naked culprits before her had, inexplicably, dropped to their knees. She spun around, and there, coming in their direction, was none other than the Queen herself. Edith had scarcely enough time to kneel before Eleanor, splendidly dressed, had come up to them.

The Queen's reputation for intelligence was not without foundation. She noted with amusement the three peasants kneeling before her—one dressed, two completely naked—and quickly filled in the story. "Good woman, please rise," she said to Edith.

"You seem to be an intelligent woman," said the Queen. "You have an undisciplined husband, we see."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Edith flushed, for it was a great shame to her.

The Queen was quick to notice. "You shouldn't be ashamed. As you know, even your Queen has the same trouble." She smiled wryly. "However, you seem to have found these two out."

"Well," said the Queen impatiently.

"Your Majesty, it was the little hussy's clothes," said Edith in a hurry, and snatching a quick look at Rowena, still naked, kneeling behind her. "They were all frayed at the ends, and they left bits of thread on the bushes wherever they passed. I just followed the threads."

"Quite clever," remarked the Queen. "However, not much use to me. I don't think Henry's hussy will be dressed quite the same," she observed, noting the pile of rags under the bush.

"No, Your Majesty." Eleanor's praise had made Edith a little bolder. "But if Your Majesty will put a nail in the train of Rosamund's dress, you could follow the marks made in the dirt when she walked."

"I am not yet reduced to handling Rosamund's clothes," remarked the Queen, a little amused. "You seem quite capable, though. If I got you a post as chambermaid to Rosamund, up at the manor, surely you would not object to serving your Queen in such a manner?"

"I would be glad to," replied Edith, eager at the possibility of becoming a chambermaid in a castle.

"Come with me, then," ordered Queen Eleanor. The two women left, discussing their plans, and quite ignoring the two naked figures that had been standing beside them.

When they were out of sight, Harold rose from his knees, and looked slyly at Rowena. "They're gone," he remarked. She looked up at him. "And they're not likely to come back," he said, with assurance. She understood, and put her arms around his waist. They sank to the ground without a word, and soon the bushes again rustled vigorously.

the



GARTER

One, two, three. One, two, three. Hey, what's going on here? Aren't garter belts fun? Well, sure. They do something to people, as George Bernard Shaw used to put it. (By the way, GBS used to love garter belts. What the hell, he went out of his mind over those things.) But anyway: Garter belts are here to stay. Definitely. Which reminds us: Edna has nothing to do with this. Edna is not her real name. But we don't care what her real name is. We're talking about garter belts, right? Garter belts



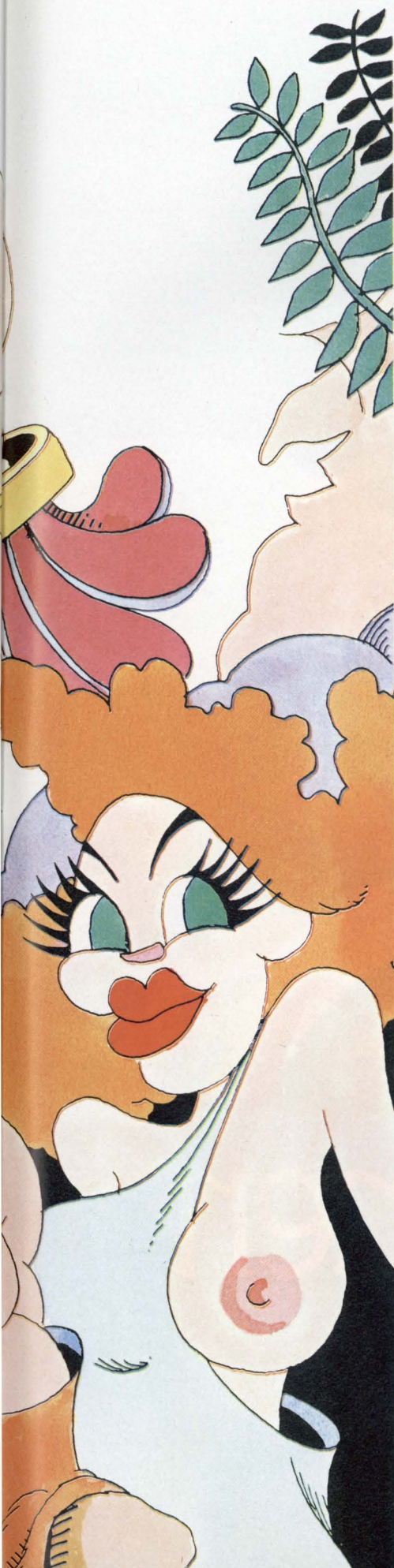
spelled backward is STLEB RETRAG, which is a mystery that you ought to solve within 95 hours. And no cheating!

Anyway, where were we. The question is: What's the best garter belt in the known universe? There are all kinds, in all sorts of colors and shapes. But the question is silly. All garter belts are terrific—they're all the best. Go ask Edna, even though that's not her real name. She has no name, actually.

Go sniff a garter belt today!







the romans sure knew how to get it on

BY PATRICK BUTLER

The panting gladiator eagerly doffed weapons and armor as a slave girl wriggled out of her clinging mini-toga and languidly beckoned him to join her atop a generous mound of pillows.

Ten blonde Sythian maidens decked out in tiny gauze aprons chanted a dirge while Nubian slaves fanned the couple, by now engaged in a feverish embrace simulating the final love scene between Antony and Cleopatra.

Their song reached an appropriately somber climax as the ivory skinned beauty nervously rose, withdrew a viper from a nearby basket and held it to one of her carefully rouged breasts.

The serpent struck instantly. Within seconds, the girl dropped to the floor so gracefully that the delighted Nero ordered a round of applause for her commendable performance.

While attendants dragged the dead sex goddess off the elaborately decorated stage in the center of the Circus Maximus, Rome's largest arena, an archer posted near the emperor's dias took quick and deadly aim at her hapless consort's bulging adam's apple.

The Sythian girls giggled as Antony choked to death on his own blood, only to scatter in terror a moment later as a pack of frothing wild dogs bounded in their

direction.

Within fifteen minutes or so, all that remained of their lush young bodies were a few tufts of hair and scraps of meat clinging precariously to a heap of bones.

And so it went, day after day, late into the night in stadiums lit by the crucified corpses of tar soaked human torches. Rome ended up spending one third of her annual treasury on spectacular feats of twisted sex and showmanship never duplicated before or since.

The Circus Maximus where most of the big events were staged was built to accommodate 350,000 people, or one fourth the population of Rome, and covered an area more than twice the size of Yankee stadium.

For 350 days a year, people and animals battled to the death as plebians, aristocrats and even slaves jostled for standing room as close to the action as they could safely get.

By the end of the fourth century, large sections of Africa and most of Europe had been completely stripped of all wildlife.

So many prisoners had been butchered in some of the most ingenious ways ever devised by Man that the largest and mightiest empire of the ancient world actually began running out of fodder for these marathon carnivals of depravity.

(Continued on page 83)

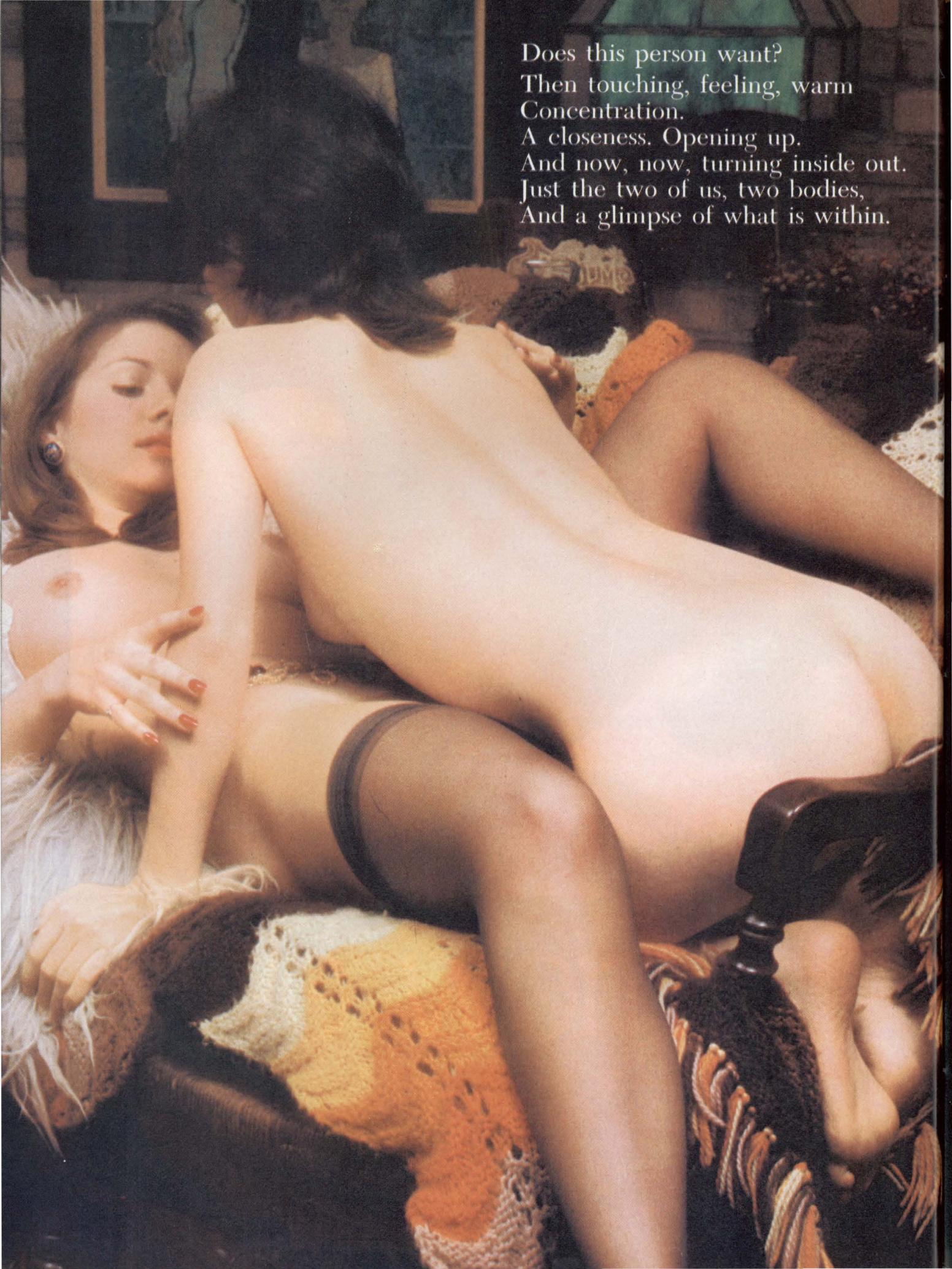


two women

What is it about a body?
A curve, a blemish, an unruly hair.
The outside of a person.
At first, a hesitancy.
Shyness. My own body,
Imperfect.
But here it is. What...



Does this person want?
Then touching, feeling, warm
Concentration.
A closeness. Opening up.
And now, now, turning inside out.
Just the two of us, two bodies,
And a glimpse of what is within.





WE INVITE YOU TO TRY-



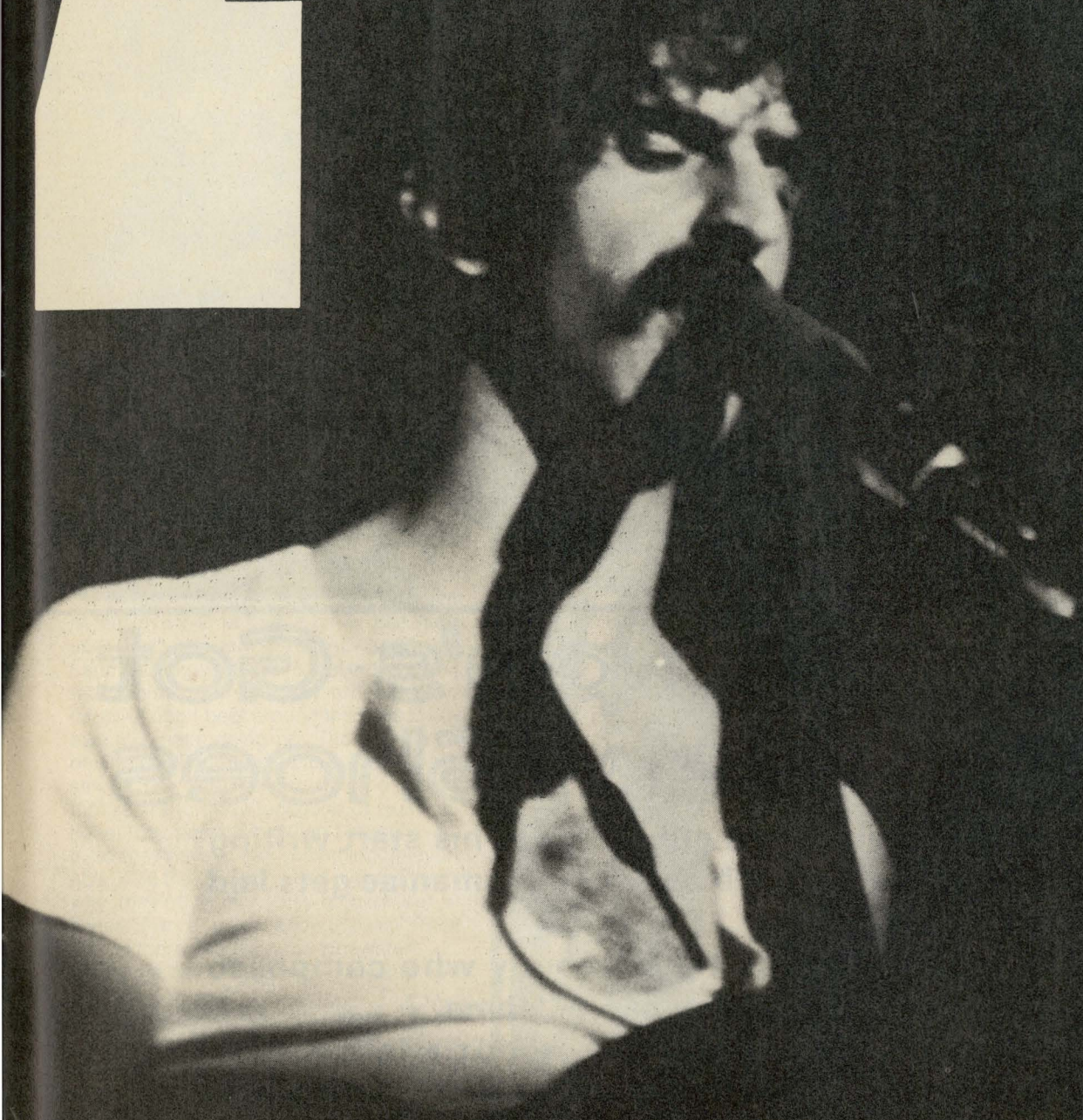
THE ONE CARD THAT GIVES MEANING TO THE OTHER CARDS YOU CARRY!

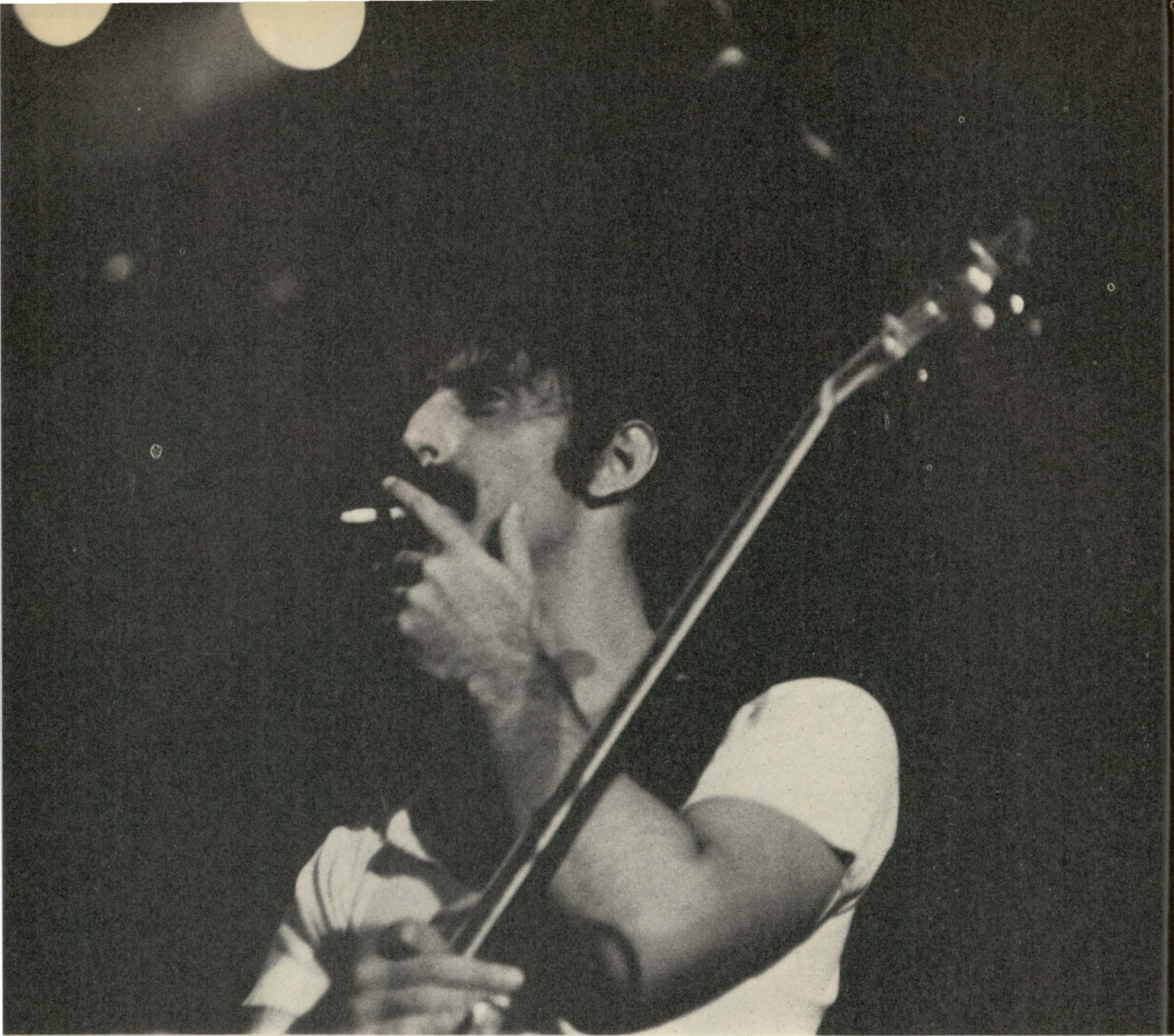
Let's face it! Most of the cards in your wallet cost you money when you use them. Yearly dues, interest charges, and renewals plague most card holders —Not so with the Hustler Membership Card! A one-time fee of just \$25.00 entitles you to free limousine service from the airport or hotel to our club in any city, monthly membership parties in all clubs with drinks at half price for members, daily smorgasbord for members and one year's subscription to our Hustler magazine.





ZAPPA





Frank Zappa's Got Brand New Shoes

How do you relate to a guy who got his start writing the score to a movie in which a nymphomaniac gets laid by a hunchback?

What's your reaction to somebody who composes lyrics about a groupies who can't "come"?

Would you like to know more about a fellow who sings about zircon-encrusted tweezers and lonely dental floss tycoons?

If so, be prepared to become acquainted with Frank Zappa. Some call him a musician.

Others say he's just a very rich kook. At any rate, Uncle Frank has been grossing and freaking out his audience for nearly a decade. Lately, though, he hasn't been acting up on stage quite as much as before.

Q:—HUSTLER: Your "Overnight Sensation" album was a magnificent success financially. Is this the direction you're heading towards? Pleasing the people more?

A:—ZAPPA: Well, it depends. Pleasing the people depends on whether or not you like what I'm doing. If you like what I'm doing, then you're pleased. If you don't, then you're not pleased. Obviously, millions of people were not pleased by my earlier albums because they didn't buy them. None of them are gold albums.

Q:—HUSTLER: Have you ever gotten a gold album?

A:—ZAPPA: Never have.

Q:—HUSTLER: Downbeat magazine gave you an unfavorable critique on "Overnight Sensation." I was wondering whether you know of any antagonism between the jazz and the rock scene.

A:—ZAPPA: Well, the thing about any criticism in Downbeat is you have to take it with a grain of salt because I don't have that much—what can I say? If you put out a record with words on it, then they say, "It can't be a jazz record. It's got rock n' roll lyrics. So we can't give it a good rating because it's not a jazz record." And that's about what happened with "Overnight Sensation." The other thing that happens is that every time I write lyrics that have specifically sexual references—and when I start talking about sexual events, I don't talk about them the way other groups might—I don't beat around the bush. I say exactly what's going on. There are a lot of writers who are upset about the idea of sex. If they hear something on a record that refers to body functions or gratifications, they panic. They can't identify with it, so they have to say something unfavorable. And that's just too bad. I guess that's why they're writers—they're bent out of shape. They don't get enough pussy. They just sit there and work the typewriter . . .

Q:—HUSTLER: Don't you have some sort of music degree?

A:—ZAPPA: I don't have any degrees at all. I'm fortunate to have a high school diploma. I tried hard enough to get out of going to high school, but they graduated me anyway. I had about 20 or 30 units less

Instead of insane theatrics, he has been giving his audience jazz along with the gutter rock.

What's been happening? Has some great mellowing process begun? Has Zappa, in fact, grown tame? Tame enough to actually discuss himself and his music?

You may be in for a surprise . . .



Photos & Story By Deirdre Offen

than you were supposed to have to graduate. They kept throwing me out, so I never made up the work. So they just decided to graduate me, rather than keep me there another year.

Q:—HUSTLER: Aren't you glad—considering all the bullshit you have to go through in high school?

A:—ZAPPA: Yeah. High school's a wonderful preparation for life in a factory. That's all it is. Either they prepare you to be a consumer, or to be somebody who puts front bumpers on Chevrolets.

Q:—HUSTLER: What about college?

A:—ZAPPA: It's the same thing. The best thing about college is you can get laid. You can get laid in high school, too, these days—if you're lucky. But in high school, it is a bit tougher. The only thing that is really useful about college is that it's a good place for people to get together and go off and build their little lives together. Because if you didn't go to college, or some other place where there's a high concentration of like-minded people, you'd wind up spending all your time in bars.

Q:—HUSTLER: Considering all the apathy everywhere, do you think there will ever be a revolution in the United States?

A:—ZAPPA: What kind of revolution? Do you mean people wandering into the streets with pitch forks and stuff, screaming? No. I do think that Richard Nixon's a criminal, though. He is not a crook. He is

a criminal. If the apathy seems new to you, it's because you haven't been on the scene long enough.

Q:—HUSTLER: What do you think of Patricia Hearst?

A:—ZAPPA: No comment.

Q:—HUSTLER: Will you ever write an autobiography?

A:—ZAPPA: No, probably not. I already did.

Q:—HUSTLER: What was that?

A:—ZAPPA: I'm still doing it. Believe it or not, those songs actually happened to me.

Q:—HUSTLER: How accurate was David Bowie's autobiography?

A:—ZAPPA: It's not very accurate. In fact, it's a piece of shit.

Q:—HUSTLER: What kind of writers do you get into?

A:—ZAPPA: I don't read very much. I don't like it. Most of the people who write have so many interior problems that it starts creeping through into the story they're writing.

Q:—HUSTLER: What were your impressions of the interview that you did on "Kennedy and Company"? It seemed like Kennedy was bringing out the commercial end of things, rather than talking about your music.

A:—ZAPPA: Well, you know, he chose the questions that he thought would be interesting to the audience he felt he had. It was just a punky TV show.

Q:—HUSTLER: What about the interview

done by Dick Cavett?

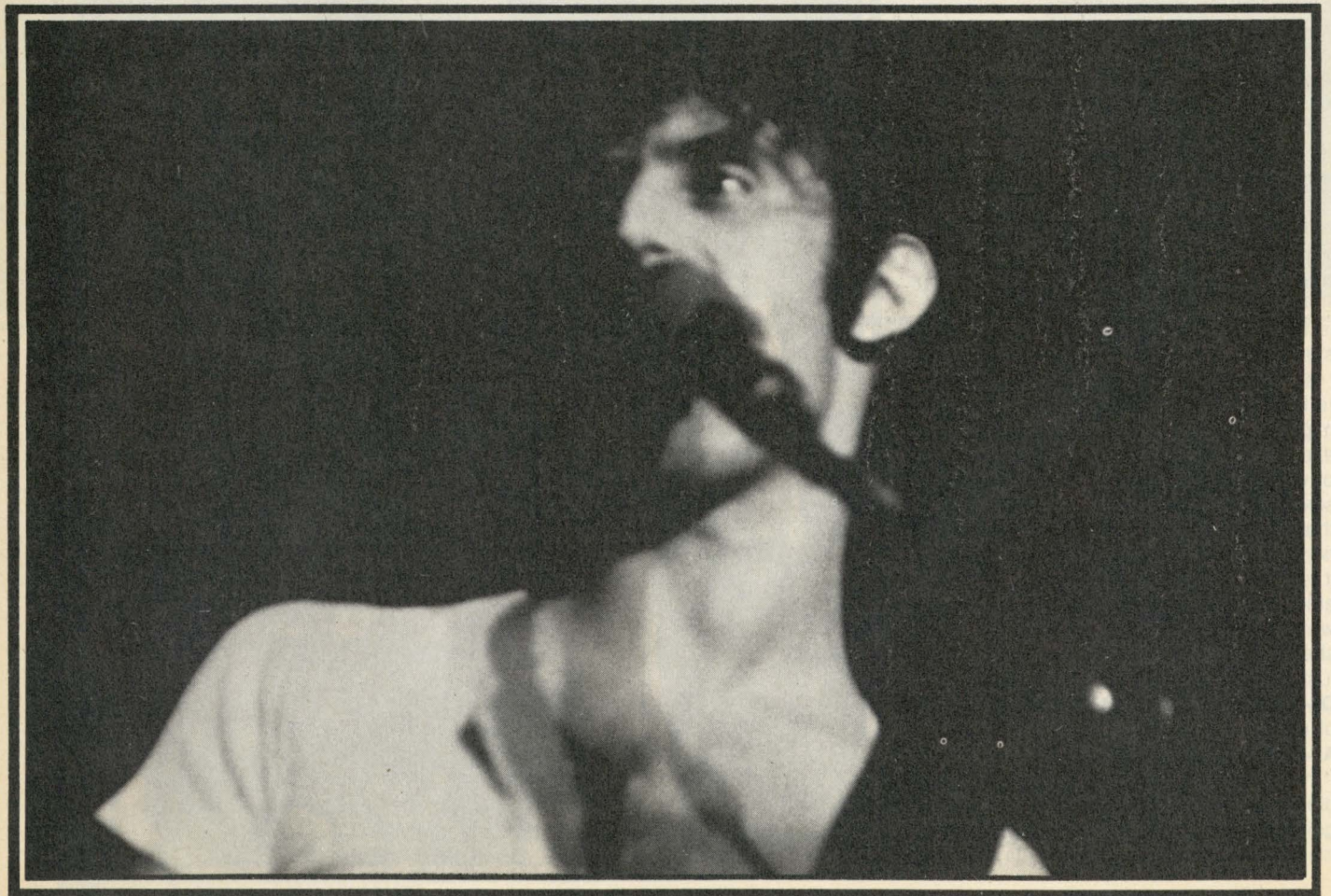
A:—ZAPPA: It was pretty crummy, actually. He didn't have any good questions. He was afraid to talk to me. He was just nothing. Nothing! He didn't know anything. He had never heard me before. There was just nothing to talk about. That's the trouble with the talk shows you go on. Most of the hosts don't know anything about rock n'roll. They have research departments and secretaries that go out and hand the host a sheet of paper that says he does this or that. But they still don't know anything. So it's never an in-depth interview.

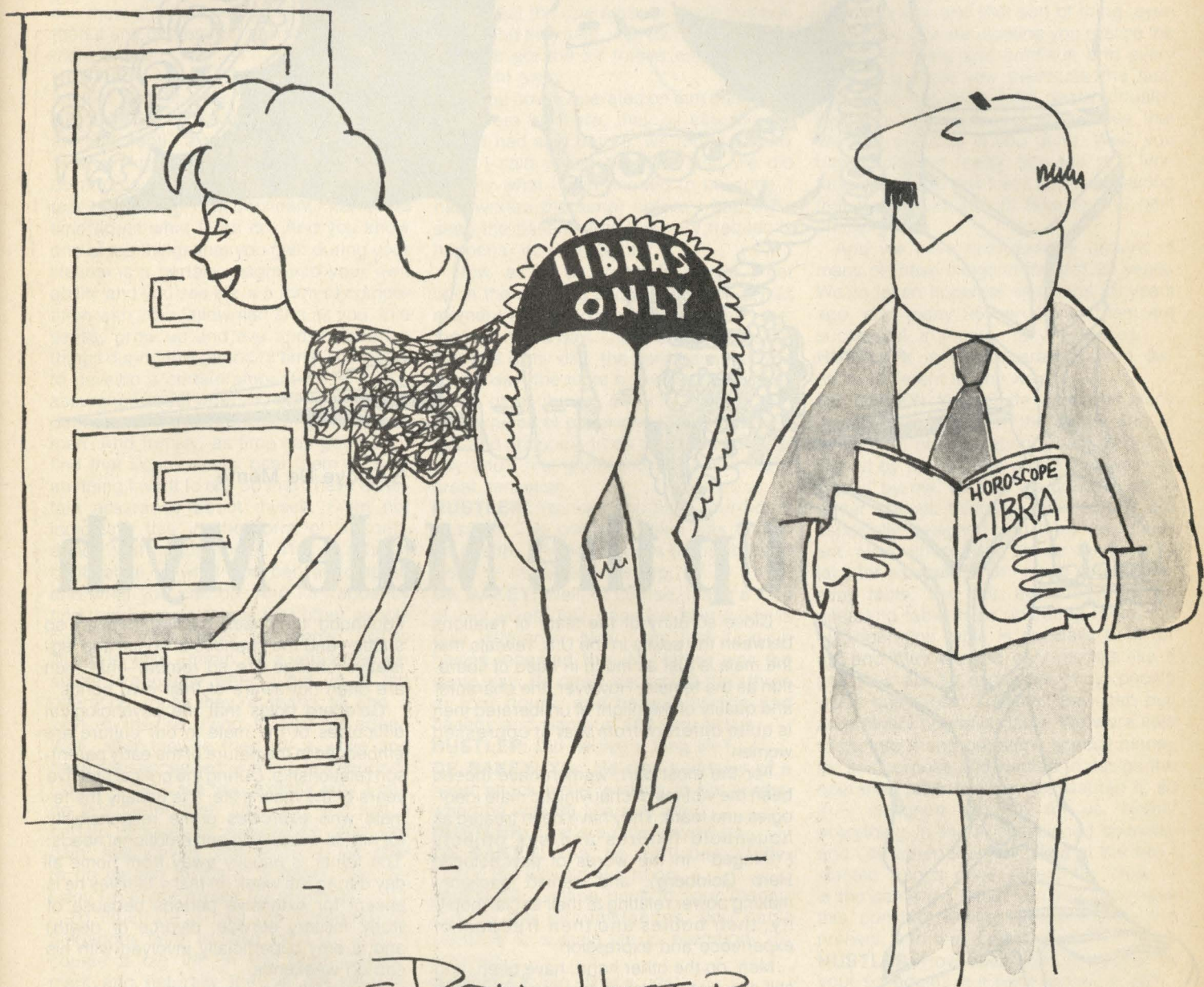
Q:—HUSTLER: Could you even do an in-depth interview on TV, or does the medium itself present problems?

A:—ZAPPA: I did one in Indianapolis, Indiana (which will probably be on educational TV) with a guy I've known for a few years. That's gonna be available pretty soon. One thing I'd like to point out is that very seldom do I say anything about "exclusive interviews." Anybody who wants to talk to me, I'll talk to him, as long as I'm not dead tired. It doesn't make any difference whether or not it's with a school newspaper. I'm not particular.

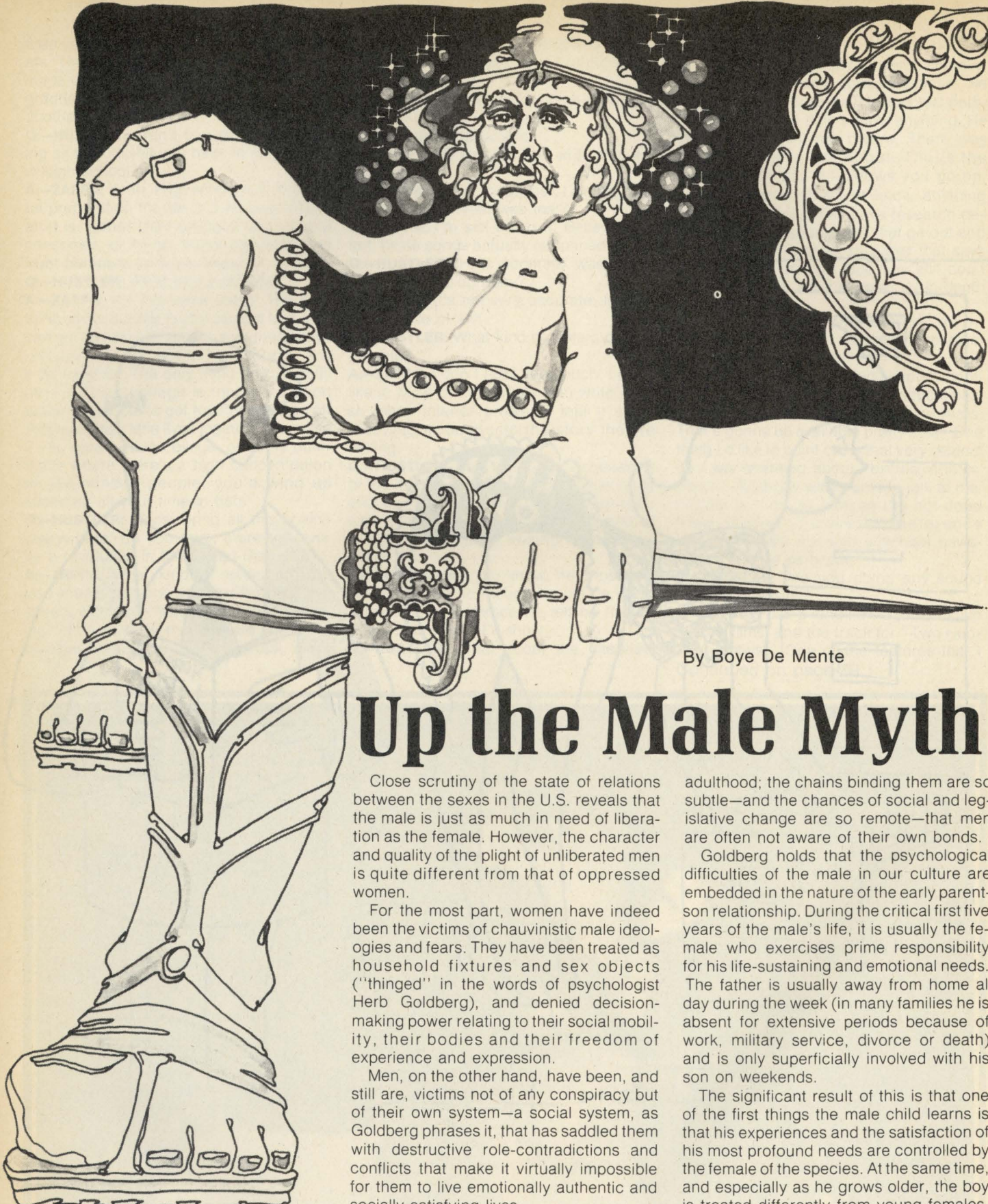
Q:—HUSTLER: Are you doing any sound tracks for movies?

A:—ZAPPA: I did, a long time ago. I did two feature films, and the track for "Two Hundred Motels." One of the features that I
Continued on page 89





DON HESTER



By Boye De Mente

Up the Male Myth

Close scrutiny of the state of relations between the sexes in the U.S. reveals that the male is just as much in need of liberation as the female. However, the character and quality of the plight of unliberated men is quite different from that of oppressed women.

For the most part, women have indeed been the victims of chauvinistic male ideologies and fears. They have been treated as household fixtures and sex objects ("thinged" in the words of psychologist Herb Goldberg), and denied decision-making power relating to their social mobility, their bodies and their freedom of experience and expression.

Men, on the other hand, have been, and still are, victims not of any conspiracy but of their own system—a social system, as Goldberg phrases it, that has saddled them with destructive role-contradictions and conflicts that make it virtually impossible for them to live emotionally authentic and socially satisfying lives.

This particular male enslavement, adds Goldberg, is deeply rooted in psychological discontinuities and contradictions between their early emotional and social experiences as boys and the demands of the culture and society after they reach

adulthood; the chains binding them are so subtle—and the chances of social and legislative change are so remote—that men are often not aware of their own bonds.

Goldberg holds that the psychological difficulties of the male in our culture are embedded in the nature of the early parent-son relationship. During the critical first five years of the male's life, it is usually the female who exercises prime responsibility for his life-sustaining and emotional needs. The father is usually away from home all day during the week (in many families he is absent for extensive periods because of work, military service, divorce or death) and is only superficially involved with his son on weekends.

The significant result of this is that one of the first things the male child learns is that his experiences and the satisfaction of his most profound needs are controlled by the female of the species. At the same time, and especially as he grows older, the boy is treated differently from young females, and is led and pressured into shifting his identification away from his mother-keeper to a "masculine image."

Thus the male is forced to function within a basic cultural-social discontinuity that generally plagues him for the rest of his life.

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SAVING YOUR HEART

Continued from page 24

course, I have a service. I'll average about a hundred patients in the hospital all the time and I see them. I don't always get to see all of them as much as I'd like, but I keep track of them with my people. They give me reports about them, but I try to see them at least once every two days and then if any of them get real sick I see them more times.

HUSTLER: How do you prepare yourself for that kind of a day?

DE BAKEY: I have no preparation. I am sufficiently experienced and am sure of what I know I can do and what I cannot do and so on, so that I do not have any fear of anything. I am confident most of the time about what I can do. And you know one of the things that you gain during your lifetime is a certain insight into your own ability and you see life is a form of competition with your fellowman and as you, in a sense, grow up and live and experience things during this period of time, you begin to develop a certain amount of, let's say, assurance about what you can do in accordance with the standards of your fellowman. And frankly, as time has gone on, I find that I can usually beat them at most anything I want to do. So that I have a certain assurance about myself. I am not indicating this in the form of a confidence that is superficial. This is a basic confidence in what you can accomplish and what you can do. And I'll frequently find that I can do things that other people can't do. Very simply, you know. Just to illustrate what I mean, as a very small example, frequently when I get up to the operating room they're trying to find a vein or they're trying to find an artery. Well, after they've tried for a while and have not succeeded, within a few seconds I do it. I can't tell you exactly why I can do this better than they can, it's just a certain amount of experience that you gain; instinctively you begin to be able to do certain things in a better way. So I don't prepare myself for anything.

To illustrate, I had the President of Singapore here to take care of and of course a big VIP in the State Department and naturally they've got security guards all around him and all that sort of thing. So when he first arrived he had a whole group of people with him, including a number of doctors, you see. And I told him even before he arrived, on the basis of information they gave me about him, what he had and what he needed to have done. And after he arrived we got all of our own group of doctors to work for me. Well, there was a lot of questions raised because of the seriousness of the problem in terms of the operation and so

on. Well, I visualized the whole thing, told him exactly what needed to be done, what we would find and everything else, and his doctors and our doctors were not quite sure, and raising questions about whether or not it ought to be done and so on. Finally it came to the point where he had to have virtually an emergency operation. I was in Philadelphia getting ready to give a lecture when they called me and I told them exactly why he was having the symptoms he was having and what needed to be done and urged that the operation be done immediately. And they said, well can you fly down. Well we got the air forces and plane for you right away.

I came down, operated on him that night, they were all there, they all saw exactly what I had said before, we found exactly what I said would be there and we did exactly what I said needed to be done. I had written the script before I had even seen the patient. And this very frequently happens. Very frequently.

Now, as far as preparing myself, I get up in the morning and I feel better at that moment and during that period than I feel the rest of the day. I have a kind of feeling that this is my day, the Lord has given me a new day, the night has washed away all these other things, and I'm starting with a new piece of paper and I'm living a new life, and I'm going to do the best I can that day and I feel good and you know it's a great sensation.

HUSTLER: You say you have four hours of sleep. The common belief was that to be healthy the body needs eight hours of sleep or ten hours of sleep.

DE BAKEY: Well, of course, that's a kind of old wives' tale because everybody is built differently. Now I am just lucky in having inherited this. My father was the same way. He rarely slept more than three or four hours, and he was strong and healthy and vigorous and very active.

HUSTLER: Did he live a long life?

DE BAKEY: Yes. He died suddenly of a heart attack while working in his garden when he was 86 years of age.

HUSTLER: That's a nice way to go.

DE BAKEY: Yes, he went beautifully. That's the way I'd like to go.

HUSTLER: Getting back to your career. Due to the circumstances, you can't continue to sustain life in everybody indefinitely.

DE BAKEY: No. That's right.

HUSTLER: Is this consciousness operating with you, or do you leave that behind?

DE BAKEY: No, no, no. You can't do that. I don't think any doctor can do that. You get involved. A doctor's life is very well expressed in the title of that book entitled *The Agony and the Ecstasy* and that is what it is really. You're ecstatic about the accomplishments of saving a person's life and rebuilding and bringing back to normal, but you have terrible agony about those you fail in. But this is what I said a

moment ago about failure, you have to accept that and while you feel it keenly, you know, and during that time you feel very keenly, you don't let it destroy you.

HUSTLER: During the time of the actual work itself, is it not necessary to blot out in order to do the best job.

BE BAKEY: No. This is a part of your discipline. You don't blot anything out. You're there. You feel it very keenly but it is your discipline that works through it. That's right. This is what I mean by self-discipline. It doesn't affect your capability technically and judgment and that sort of thing, even though as you are working you realize the patient is dying and continue and every once in a while you overcome the fact, you bring him back from death virtually. But in a high percentage of those that are that critically ill you don't. Well, you have to accept reality, you see, and limitations, but you don't let it be so despairing that it destroys you to take up the next challenge.

And we have changed the picture of many of these things in the last 20 years. We've taken hopeless situations 20 years ago, and today 95 percent of them are successful, in many, many instances.

HUSTLER: Is your operating room distinctly different in any way?

DE BAKEY: Yes. Quite different. Many places have much of the same kind of things, but our operating rooms were designed by me and the equipment was designed by me, so that we do have some rather special things in there. They are especially designed and therefore different. Now others have similar things. You take for example what I mean by an operating table. You see, everybody has an operating table in an operating room, but our operating table is specially built for us, and they are the only models like it and they are so expensive, most people won't buy those. You see, they can buy an ordinary operating table. We were able to go into it and get some special money for this purpose and wanted to design the operating table the way we wanted it, so it is designed specially for us. Nearly everything in there is designed specially and I designed them because of the way I wanted things done differently. Now, it is the same old thing, you see, you have this constant desire to improve on the present, and that's what we did.

HUSTLER: How does your wife agree to your schedule? Is it hard for her at all?

DE BAKEY: Well, not anymore, I think she has learned early, after all, we've been married for 35 years. You see, she was in the medical field herself and she understands medicine and she was trained in medical life. She's not a doctor, but she was supervisor of nurses and pretty well trained and had some training in Europe and she understands. We have four boys and that kept her busy for a while and she has other interests. She takes an interest in the hospital and does certain things.

She speaks a couple of languages and takes care of—I have many foreign patients you know.

HUSTLER: You've had some experience racing cars. Is the emotional response of racing driver and to the wheel the same response as that of a thoracic surgeon to what he is doing?

DE BAKY: Yes, in many ways. The same as is true in golfing, in sports, and doing a lot of things. It's that ability to control what you do. In a sense it's the carrying out your demands, you see, your command mentally.

For example. I like to draw. In fact, I made a lot of money in college during freshman year. It's the same thing there. You're commanding within your mind what you want to achieve and you do it. Playing music. I play music and I played in a band when I was in college, and it's the same thing there. And I remember when I first went to college, you know, I played never very well, because I was always interested in doing too many things. I never would concentrate on being perfect in one piece of music for example, because there were too many things I wanted to do.

And then talent comes into that. I don't think I have the talent for it. But they needed a B flat sax for the band and this was the position that was open and they needed it, you see. And it seemed to me, well this was the easiest way for me to get in the band. So I went downtown and bought me a sax. And I had never played the sax. I went out and bought the sax and learned within a week and I came into the band. I learned to play that thing, you see.

HUSTLER: Everything you have described—I'm not sure it is an intellectual mechanism, but there is something that lets you see it whole.

DE BAKY: Oh, yes. You see, this is true in anything you do and you take surgery, for example, this is what I say, it is such a tremendous challenge, satisfaction, because you've got to conceptualize. You've got to have that ability to conceptualize. And I often tell some of the young trainees. I say, look, you ought to get out of surgery and do something else. You don't have that ability to conceptualize. You've got to have the ability to conceptualize. It's like a painting. When I do an operation, every step comes in a certain order, you see, and it becomes a routine only because that order I have found to be the most effective way of doing it.

HUSTLER: Are there any principles that you can apply, for example, from surgery that could compare to work in any field?

DE BAKY: Yes, certainly.

HUSTLER: And one is the ability to conceptualize.

DE BAKY: Yes. Self-discipline. This is an extremely important principle for anyone in any field. Secondly, this conceptual ability in whatever you do, to conceptualize what you are going to do and then

execute it. So execution becomes the carrying out of what you conceptualize, whether you are a business executive, an engineer, or whatever it is. You see. And thirdly, the ability to react to changing situations. In other words, you've got to have the background, experience and all this to be able to react to something that has changed. And if you're driving an automobile and suddenly something happened, you've got to react quickly to being able to take care of it, whether you skid, or turn around or whatever it is. You see, you've got to be able to react and know—you've got to react in the proper way.

HUSTLER: Is there any conflict between self-discipline or discipline and creativity?

DE BAKY: Well, there is if you allow discipline to control your mind in the sense of putting brakes on it, you see. Creativity to me is merely the drive to change what you're doing, or what you're accustomed to doing or what you're accustomed to thinking. And it may come about by serendipity. It may come about because all of a sudden you stumbled upon it. But you stumbled upon it because you're looking. So creativity mostly is dissatisfaction.

TASTE ORGY: YEAR 2041

Continued from page 34

self to the plastic sheeting. Carefully she started the projector once more. Deep within her she felt a tingle of glee when she noticed that the rain was now beating softly and hypnotically against the apartment's windows. Everything was perfect.

Before her on the wall, the four slightly out-of-focus figures on the old film jerked once more into view. She watched as they gamboled up to a large table and began unpacking their baskets. And now suddenly she noticed her whole body was covered with a fine mist of perspiration.

She reached over and started to carefully unwrap the large object she'd taken from the model spaceship box. She was grimacing because the salivary glands below her ears were shooting twinges of needle-sharp pain into her jaw and neck.

Now the film-figures on the wall were unloading food onto the table before them. Roast chickens, slabs of grilled chops, joints of meat; plump loaves of bread, small steaming rolls; mounds of peaches, pears, apples, grapes; platters of carrots, beans, potatoes, spinach; mountainous whipped-cream cake, mer-rangued pies; frappe glasses full of ice cream with gooey, dripping toppings—all these began piling up before Judy's

straining eyes.

A trickle of saliva ran down her chin, unnoticed by the entranced young woman. Without taking her eyes from the wall in front of her, she removed the final wrapping from the object she had brought from the rear utility room to uncover a huge, pungent salami. The figures on the wall began madly stuffing the heaped food madly into their mouths as fast as they could.

And Judy Bodenbender, the drool running down her chin and onto her heaving breasts, opened her yearning mouth to its full width to taste the first bite of real food she had ever eaten in her life.

ANATOMY OF A DRUG BUST

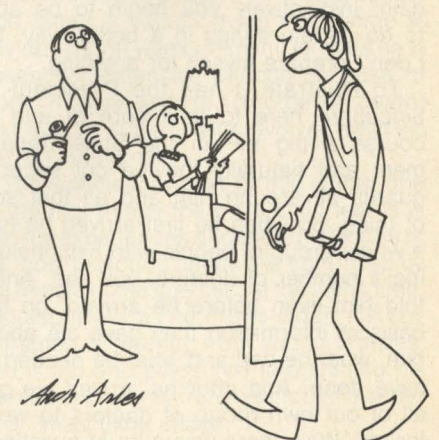
Continued from page 59

His first day in jail he witnessed a fight over a pair of underwear. The second day two inmates knocked each other around over a package of Koolaid. When the guards came the two claimed the fight was caused by a third man, a Puerto Rican who actually had been sleeping. The Puerto Rican was sent to solitary confinement.

"It's easy to find a vein on me, but the guy doing the blood test for some reason stuck me so many times that my arm swelled up and looked like I'd been shooting up," says Jack, a huge black man who looks like he's carved out of muscle.

"There were several approaches by homosexuals, but homosexuality becomes a way of life for the dudes stuck in those 4' x 7' cells, two to a cell." He said of the 40 men on his cell block 35 were blacks, a couple were Latins, and two or three were whites.

For breakfast they had two eggs, two pieces of toast and black coffee. Lunch was polish sausage and two pieces of



"Our sex education class is going on a field trip to the drive-in."

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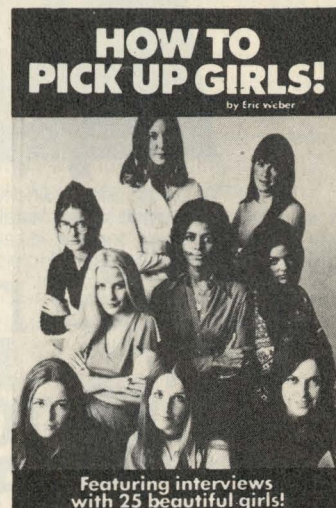
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theque (of all things) right off the lobby of

one of our famous hotels. (By the way, it's called The Buttery, and it's already the most popular night spot in town!)

It's only natural that you'd wonder what

makes us do all these things, considering that the Ambassador Hotels are already on everyone's "top five" list of the world's great hotels.

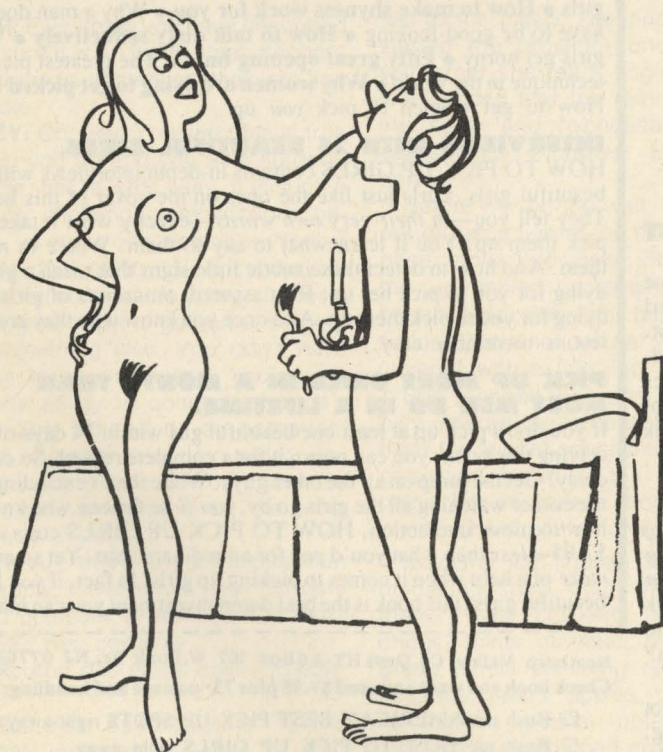
Unless, of course, you understand one simple thing:

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"That's not what I meant when I said . . ."

Out of money, he's returned to his parents' home, to a heartbroken family. His father, who has been confined to bed with leukemia the last five years, has lost most of the energy he had left. Jack's mother had to quit her nursing job to stay with her husband. And Jack's younger brother was planning to attend the university Jack had attended, on a football scholarship. Now it looks like that scholarship will be revoked.

Without mentioning Jack's case specifically, I asked the police chief in the university town how they select which students to arrest for dope. "We arrest anyone who uses or sells marijuana on campus," he replied. I wanted to ask him who he was kidding; rub in the fact that thousands of kids smoke every night at the university, that even if it were politically possible to go after them all that the jails wouldn't hold them. But he already knew all that, of course, and why waste time talking with him.

I told Jack about the meeting with the police chief and what I'd learned of all of the others arrested for dope the same year and released through connections. He had two reactions:

"I could get off, too," he said. "My lawyer told me it would cost \$5,000 in bread. For dinner the polish sausage was cut up and served with two pieces of bread. Walt is allergic to eggs. "They don't give you any drinks with lunch or dinner. You can take a handful of water that tastes so bad you have to fight for a package of Koolaid to disguise it."

After a few days he was released on bail, with money raised by two friends who walked door to door in the dorms collecting spare change until they got the \$1500 needed as 10 per cent of the bail.

Out of jail Jack returned to the dorm room police had destroyed when they busted him. His room had been torn apart bit by bit. Every inch of the mattress was ripped, books and clothes were scattered everywhere, even the chess set had been smashed. Yet the agents found nothing in his room.

"They told me they were looking for cocaine, heroin and barbiturates. Those are the big three items this year. When they couldn't find any they became like little children, upset and disappointed. They offered me a deal, which is standard procedure. They said if I would lead them to somebody big they would tear up my files. But I don't know any big pushers."

The day after the bust the headlines read: "Football Player Arrested for Marijuana."

In the year and a half that has followed, Jack has had a hard time getting jobs and has noticed his psychological state changing daily. Says his girlfriend, "He can't sit still anymore. He's nervous all the time, and his moods change constantly."

the right hands at the right time. But I have no way to get that \$5,000, and I don't want to.

"Three things rule this country. Money, prestige and power. A black man like me who's trying to get a little of any of them 'cause he hasn't got even one of the three they shoot him down every time."



the romans sure knew how to get it on

Continued from page 67

"The Games" as these perverted spectacles were politely called, began innocently enough around the third century, B.C., as chariot races, athletic events and harmless but amusing circus acts similar to the kind we see in America today.

But the mob soon tired of sport and spectacle for its own sake and left disappointed if nobody happened to have gotten killed that day.

Then, in about 264 B.C., the socially ambitious sons of a prominent Roman general decided to revive the ancient custom of having slaves fight to the death as part of their father's funeral rites.

The event created such a sensation that slave bouts were staged regularly in the Forum by politicians running for office and in a few years became the main events in the arena.

Special schools were soon founded where promising slaves, criminals and prisoners of war learned everything that could be taught about hand-to-hand combat in order to make small fortunes for their masters and managers.

Most entered the fray either heavily armored and equipped with a broadsword or dressed as fishermen carrying a dagger, three pointed spear and a large net.

Similar in a macabre sort of way to the modern matador, the "fisherman" would make a series of phony passes with his net to throw the swordsman off guard, then snare him in the choking mesh and slit his throat with the knife or impale him on the trident.

The best experts of the day considered this an even match, for if the netman miscalculated just once, the swordsman was virtually free to corner his opponent and finish him at his leisure.

As Rome conquered nation after nation, many new and different types of gladiators began appearing in the arenas. Celts worked at braining each other with shillelahs, Egyptians disembowled their adversaries with boomerang hatchets, Sikhs from northern India dueled with razor sharp throwing hoops and Laplanders impaled far more heavily armed opponents on their harpoons.

On at least one occasion, Romans had good reason to wonder if these men weren't perhaps too well armed and trained. In 72 B.C., a Thracian slave named Spartacus escaped from the gladiator academy at Capua, collected an army of about 6,000 dissidents, took over most of southern Italy and made plans to march on Rome itself.

Only a hastily organized punitive expedition of army units recalled from the frontier prevented this desperate fugitive from becoming the next master of the empire.

As an example to others who might have had similarly ambitious ideas, Spartacus and his followers were crucified along the roads leading to Rome.

For days afterward, the stench of putrefying flesh reportedly made the safely silent majority of several Roman suburbs wonder if they weren't being punished far more severely than the dead rebels themselves.

But not all gladiators were forced into their deadly calling against their will. Some actually volunteered for the arena which gave the same opportunities for status and material comfort that legitimate boxing once offered minorities in this country.

Free or slave, a successful gladiator not only lived well and had more women than even a satyr could handle, but after a few years of fighting perhaps twice a month, a man could look forward to retirement or a job as an instructor in one of the better gladiator schools.

Many, of course, did not need work when they left the arena for the last time—they were either dead or independently wealthy. A few even ended up as millionaires.

As gladiatorial contests grew larger and more popular, promoters began arranging full scale battles. By about 50 B.C., as many as 500 pairs of swordsmen were hacking away at each other at the same time.

Walled cities were built in amphitheatres and besieged with battering rams and catapults while the defenders help out with cauldrons of boiling oil and showers of arrows.

Sea battles staged in flooded arenas were first arranged by Julius Caesar himself. In this first combat, 16 galleys manned 4,000 oarsmen and 2,000 swordsmen and archers fought to the finish.

Claudius went him one better a few years later when he staged a battle involving 50 ocean going warships under command of two famous gladiators in a large lake about 60 miles east of Rome as 500,000 spectators jammed the shoreline.

Each of the galleys were equipped with a large wooden or iron tipped ram positioned to smash through an opponent's hull just below the waterline or shear off the ends of the oars which provided most of the enemy ship's power.

Catapults heaving fireballs were aimed at the large canvas and linen sails of the

opposing ships that kept out of boarding or ramming range.

As the boats burst into flames, expert archers picked off the crewmen leaping for safety. A few of the more perverse marksmen developed penchants for shooting two arrows through a swimmer's head so the protruding shafts looked like horns.

The affair was such a howling success that Claudius collected ten thousand convicts, captives and slaves a few months later and ordered them to fight on a large pontoon bridge stretched across the lake with the understanding that the winning side would receive its freedom.

Eventually, these sea and bridge battles were followed up by more original spectacles such as procession of flat bottomed barges decorated with flowers and scores of naked teenagers carefully selected for their nubile beauty.

What the girls weren't told, of course, as they floated toward the center of the arena gaily throwing rose petals at the stands was that the barges were slowly sinking.

Most of the gawking spectators were too busy inspecting the bevy of voluptuous youngsters to notice the crocodiles slithering out the special trapdoors on either side of the stadium.

Within minutes, the shrieking girls were being torn apart in the now crimson water as jaded patricians coolly debated the rapidly fading beauty of each writhing figure being pulled underwater by the excited reptiles.

Drizzling old men in the free seats reserved for the poorest of the plebians surreptitiously fondled themselves as better heeled tradesmen and merchants rushed downstairs seeking relief from the kids working under the stands.

Throwing people to wild animals was nothing new to the ancient world, but for centuries, the better classes of Romans tried to avoid pointless cruelty, considering themselves morally superior to groups like the once troublesome Carthaginians who developed some fairly exotic ways of killing their captives as part of their religion.

It was only in the reign of the otherwise relatively benign Caesar Augustus that exhibitions of this sort became commonplace when the emperor started having condemned criminals torn apart in the arena as a possible deterrent to future wrongdoers.

But the novelty became so popular that little over 30 years later, Nero had 5,000 people devoured in one series of games lasting an entire month.

As the condemned waited in their damp, crowded, foul smelling bullpens, they were usually given a choice of either cooperating to make the balky beasts attack and finish them off immediately or being held aside for slower and even more agonizing forms of death.

Dressed in fresh animal skins to give the lions added incentive, they were then spread out in small clusters and made to

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sway just enough to let the big cats know they were alive but harmless.

Since lions were not natural Man eaters and hardly used to the bewildering sights and sounds of a packed arena, it usually took them a few minutes to see that the aging slave slowly waving his hands or the coltish girl sensuously grinding her hips might make as good a meal as an antelope.

Although everyone seems to think these animals were starved for several days before the big event, Roman zookeepers and trainers tried to avoid this, knowing that the weaker the lion, the less chance of a really good show.

They had seen too many of their cats collapse from hunger and exhaustion in front of the very people they were supposed to eat!

Actually, the only way to really guarantee that a pack of lions would turn on people was to have one or two experienced Man-eaters lead the group.

Even so, there was always the occasional spoilsport who knew enough about animals to hold them at bay much the same way a circus lion tamer does today.

And, of course, there is the supposedly true legend of how the Greek slave, Androcles, plucked a thorn out of the paw of a lion who later not only refused to attack him in the arena, but defended him from a leopard.

Bloody and degrading as these games were, particularly in the later days of the empire, they were not without occasional flashes of poetic humor even mentally balanced people might appreciate.

In 250 A.D., for example, emperor Gallienus had a jeweler convicted of selling phony merchandise chased into the arena a few feet from a canvas covered cage.

The door opened, but instead of the ferocious lion everyone expected, out walked a chicken.

When the laughter died down enough for Gallienus to be heard by the crowd, he explained that since the butt of his little joke practiced deceit on others, it was only fair to do the same to him.

The jeweler went free, but others, like the perverts who used to congregate under the arena stands, weren't always quite so lucky.

The businesslike guards normally just chased these nuisances away to keep them from blocking the passageways and fondling the condemned much as some Nazis centuries later liked to toy with their naked captives en route to the gas chamber.

Annoyed at how this nonsense would often delay an event several minutes, Caligula, himself probably the most depraved of all Roman emperors, gave instructions one day that his fellow sadists should just this once be allowed to have their way with the prisoners without any interference.

The puzzled soldiers obeyed and the deluged degenerates became so absorbed

in their pawing and pinching that they didn't notice where they were going until they heard a few iron doors slam behind them.

By the time they thought of looking around, they found themselves right out in the middle of the arena along with their victims.

Caligula grinned like a Cheshire cat as they tried to scale the smooth marble wall, begging to be released and protesting that a serious mistake had been made.

The emperor agreed that a mistake had indeed been made—only it was theirs, not his. After watching them grovel and squirm for a few more minutes, the mad ruler signaled the animal handlers to release the lions.

Big on legends and myths, Caligula followed this up with an historical pageant in which a man representing the bound Prometheus had his liver pulled out by a trained eagle while a live Hercules roasted on his funeral pyre and a girl representing Europa was turned loose in the arena to be raped by a bull.

Indeed, the rape of female captives by bulls, jackasses and even giraffes was probably the high point of most of these festivals.

A threatened mutiny in one of the legions was even averted once when a perceptive officer diverted his soldiers' attention by hastily arranging to have a group of exceptionally young and tender girls deflowered and clubbed to death by baboons.

Getting animals to rape women demanded even more skill and patience than training lions to eat them.

Sometimes the girls had to be wrapped in hides or draped in rags soaked in the bloody menstrual drippings of female asses. Almost always, the male being groomed for this sort of work had to be kept away from any females of his own kind.

In between the big acts, children were often suspended from poles for the amusement of yapping hyenas while attendants made last minute preparations for mass crucifixions in which the spectators made book on who would die first.

A spike in the right place could make a prisoner bleed to death in minutes, while by carefully avoiding any major veins, the executioners could keep a man alive indefinitely.

Of course, there was always the unsporting captive who knew his survival would make some bloated senator a few thousand sesterces richer that night and, as an ultimate protest, pulled his arms against the nails to slash his veins or brained himself by banging his skull against the hardwood cross.

To while away the time it took the other prisoners to expire, the games' sponsors often tucked in little commercials urging the grateful mob to elect Petronius or Flavius or Pubo as the next praetor or to support the emperor's request for enough money to finance a new temple to Jupiter

where his nephew could serve as high priest.

Catapults frequently fired goodies at the spectators as comely slave girls and dimple cheeked boys were turned loose in the bleachers with the understanding that anyone who caught them could take them home.

But if human captives had an unpleasant time in the arena, the animals that killed, mauled and raped them didn't fare much better.

With very few exceptions, most of the beasts were killed in the very next event. Only the elephants were usually spared, not so much because they were expensive, but simply because the fans didn't like to see them get hurt.

These organized slaughters of thousands of virtually helpless animals reached their peak in 281 A.D. when the emperor Probus had the Circus Maximus decorated to look like a forest, then released three thousand ostriches, stags, boars, lions, leopards and bears that were all killed in one "great hunt".

As the games' perversity began taxing the limits of human ingenuity, many of the more intelligent Romans—including a few emperors—found themselves unable to impose any curbs on what went on in the arena.

Marcus Aurelius, considered by many to be the greatest of the Roman emperors, denounced the games as both expensive and boring and ordered that gladiators be allowed to fight only with blunted weapons.

But public opinion got so ugly that the philosopher king was not only forced to rescind his decree, but increase the number of scheduled games from 87 to 230 a year.

Vespasian promised to put an end to these spectacles if he ever became emperor and ended up starting work on the Colosseum which opened a few years after his death with the slaughter of 12,000 Jewish prisoners of war brought to Rome after the fall of the Holy City.

By then, every informed Roman knew that to abolish the games would have been an invitation to social and economic disaster.

Literally hundreds of thousands of people had become dependent on the arena for their livelihoods and would have been forced on Rome's already overloaded public dole.

Many prominent citizens owed their eminent positions to some connection with the games and weren't about to ruin what was for them, at least, a very good thing.

Emperor Marcinus had been a professional gladiator, Vitellius started out as a chariot groom and Commodus actually went to gladiator school while he ruled Rome so he could fight in the arena and curry favor with the people just as the young Nero competed in chariot races.

Continued on page 102

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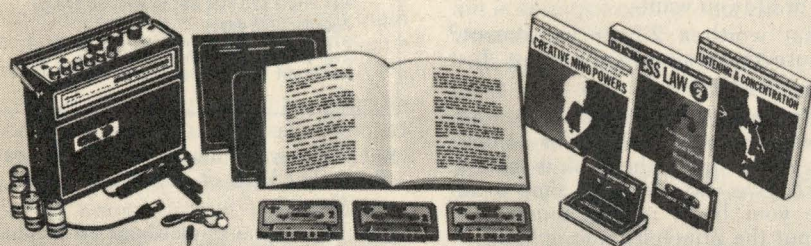
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Male Myth

Continued from page 78

Among the problem areas engendered by this contradiction: anxiety about his masculine image, inability to express the "feminine" side of his character without feeling guilty, a tendency to suffer from sexual anxiety and to subsequently withdraw from sexual involvement by becoming obsessed with work, extreme reluctance to touch other males except in stylized ways for fear of being labeled "homosexual," and an extreme antagonism toward women that may or may not be disguised.

While all of these problem areas are critical to the male, one that causes an inordinate amount of damage to both the psychic and the body is the need the male feels to constantly prove his sexual potency. And here the parallel between the unliberated female and the unliberated male is probably farthest apart. While the frigid female can perform sexually at any time, virtually any number of times, whether or not she wants to or enjoys it, the impotent male cannot. Without an erection, he is at best a neuter.

So what is the source of liberation for males who are hung up on sexual and social contradictions? It is not the taking back of something that has been usurped or limited by women. In fact, it generally has nothing to do with the sexual or social options open to men. It is in most cases strictly psychological, and the solution must come from a change in their own attitudes toward themselves—which in turn can generally come about only after they become aware of the mental chains binding them to the wall—and free themselves.

A primary parallel between the enslavement of men and women noted by Goldberg is the essential similarity between the dehumanization and treatment of women as sex objects, and the treatment of men as status symbols, whose worth and attractiveness are measured by their professions, the power they yield, or the money they earn.

Just as women fear the loss of sexual attractiveness through age, men tend to equate the loss of job, income and power with sexual inadequacy and loss of intrinsic worth. Expounds Goldberg: "All of these anxieties are intensely wearing and destructive, because for most males in our society, ego and attractiveness are tied up with work status and earning capacity. Just as women are learning to say 'to hell with it' to their roles as housekeepers and mothers, so must men in an age of 'future shock' and automation learn to untie their self-image from earning power and employment status."

The most interesting comparison made by Goldberg between unliberated men and unliberated women concerns abortion for

women and military duty for men. Just as women for centuries have endured anguish, tragedy and sometimes death because they did not have the right of decision regarding abortion, men have endured unspeakable hardship, mutilation and wholesale death because they did not have the right to refuse the sanctified disease known as military duty.

As Goldberg puts it: "The acceptance of military duty as a given fact of life has built into it a significantly greater potential loss of control over one's body than denial of the right of abortion. By accepting his military role without the right of decision (the man) has in effect said that society can control the decision-making power over his right to live. The women in our society are not faced with any such equivalent situation."

Since men are often unaware that they are not free, and are just as often not able to do anything about it once they do become aware, will they ever be able to gain freedom from the male myth? Possibly, says sociologist Russ Rueger, but only if they cooperate in the freeing of women, because the psychological prison that men are in springs from the oppressed status of women.

Rueger points out that while many feminists seem to believe that their liberation is something that must be "wrenched" from the hands of resisting males, many men at the same time are equally sure that women's liberation can come only at the expense of men.

In the first place, he argues, a close inspection of the socialization processes in America reveals that many of the so-called male privileges are not only worthless but harmful. As he explains: "The type of role-conditioning men are subjected to makes it extremely difficult for them to attain psychological fulfillment."

What both feminists and threatened males have overlooked, because it is so obvious, says Rueger, is the fact that "if women's liberation continues to press forward, then men's liberation will become a structural necessity. *Ultimately, you cannot have a society of liberated females and chauvinist males. The condition of freedom for one is freedom for all.*"

Some of the obvious advantages that a liberated society would have for both men and women: the essential worth of the individual would not be determined by sex, men and women would have approximately the same life span, the average woman would bring more to a heterosexual relationship, we would probably get away from a penis-oriented society, and men would become more aware of the "primary female sexual center (the clitoris) . . . and start orienting themselves to other types of stimulation which care for female needs as well as their own". Men, freed from the stereotype of masculine behavior, would probably be more open and therefore easier for women to get along with.

Ole!

Zappa

Continued from page 76

scored I did when I was twenty years old. I was the youngest writer to do that kind of work. It was called "Run Home Slow." It was a Western. You can see it on television every once in a while. It's a piece of shit. It has some funny moments in it. In fact, one thing you should look for is a scene where a nymphomaniac is getting reamed by a hunchback next to the carcass of a dead donkey in a shed. But they probably cut that part out for TV.

Q:—HUSTLER: Could you explain this business of "moving to Montana" that you sing about in "Overnight Sensation"? Montana now seems to be an underground term for something. The strange thing is, I've heard references to it in the movie "Slaughterhouse Five" and in Woody Allen's "Sleeper."

A:—ZAPPA: What, going to Montana? I've never seen "Sleeper" and I've never read "Slaughterhouse Five." I don't know why they'd want to move to Montana! 'Cause mine is different.

Q:—HUSTLER: Why do you want to move to Montana?

A:—ZAPPA: Well, I don't want to move to Montana—yet. They have some problems up there. It just seems a nice place to raise up some dental floss.

Q:—HUSTLER: Have you changed your image of yourself over the years?

A:—ZAPPA: Sure! I've been doing this for ten years. I'm thirty-three years old. Actually, only in the last seven years have we been able to play at colleges. For about two to three years we were on a list of groups *not* to book for colleges. We have always presented some sort of visual elements and have some sort of public image maintained to give you the impression to the contrary.

Q:—HUSTLER: What made you grow the goatee and mustache that you've become so famous for?

A:—ZAPPA: I had it for years, before I had the group. This thing grows down my chin every once in a while. I notice that it's getting away and I have to cut it back. I have to trim my mustache because if I don't, about every three or four days it grows into my mouth and I wind up eating my mustache along with my food.

Q:—HUSTLER: Where'd you get those shoes?

A:—ZAPPA: These are regular shoes that were painted by a crazy person.

Q:—HUSTLER: Anybody we know about?

A:—ZAPPA: Yes, Carl Franzoni. Do you remember Carl? Carl Franzoni, believe it or not, is now the commissioner of parks and recreation in a town in California.

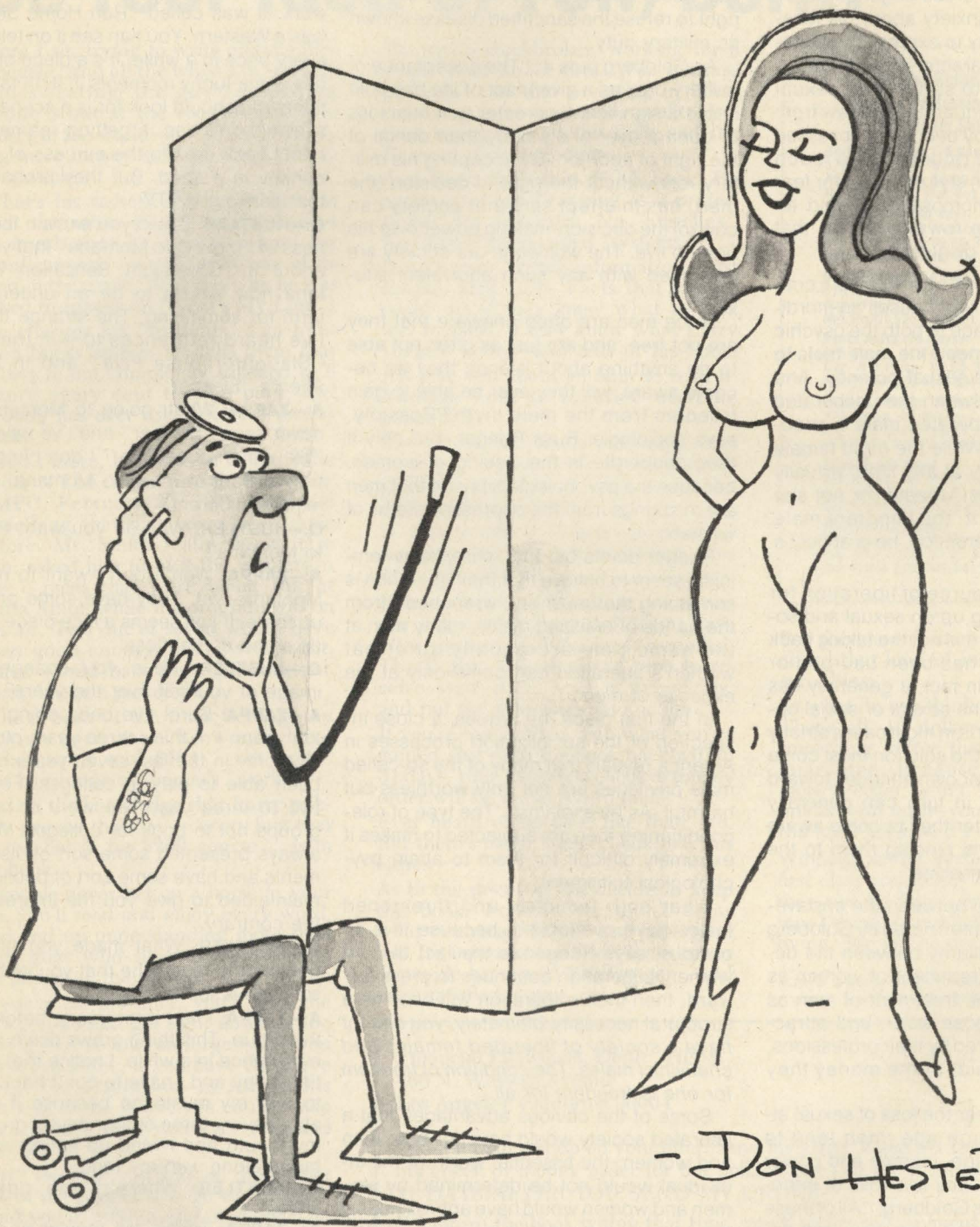
Q:—HUSTLER: What do you think of drugs?

A:—ZAPPA: I think they're OK for people who like them.

Q:—HUSTLER: And what have you got planned for the future? Anything big?

A:—ZAPPA: I've always got something big planned.





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Don Rickles from July 24-Aug 13. The Congo Room of the **Sahara** will have **Totie Fields** and **Mel Torme** from July 2-22, **Buddy Hackett** from July 23-Aug. 5. **The Sands** will have **Milton Berle** and **Diana Trask** from June 26-July 16, **Wayne Newton** and **Dave Barry** from July 16-Sept. 3. The **Showboat** presents the laughable play "**Maty's Brothers**" from June 18 through July 7. The **Silver Slipper** has **Bernie Allen** and **Steve Rossi** with the **Red Garter Girls** all summer and through October 2. The **Stardust** feature "**Le Lido de Paris.**" The **Thunderbird** will have **Bobby Goldsboro** and the **Gold Diggers** through July 17, followed by **Tony Martin** and **Syd Charisse** and **Freddie Roman** from July 18 through August 14. **Tropicana** showcases the "**Folies Bergere**" as a standing attraction, while the **Union Plaza** brings you "**The Unsinkable Molly Brown.**"

RENO: John Ascuaga's **Nugget** will have **Juliet Prowse** and **Foster Brooks** from June 26-July 17. **Burl Ives** from July 18-Aug. 7. **Harrah's Headliner Room** will have **Debbie Reynolds** and **Candy Pierce** from June 27-July 17, and **Phyllis Diller** from July 18-31. While you're there take the cable car to see **Harrah's** automobile collection, **Harrah's South Shore Room** at **Lake Tahoe** will have **Lawrence Welk** from June 21-July 11, **Eddie Arnold** from July 12-30.

New York

BUFFALO: Many travelers on their way to see **Niagara Falls** will pass through **Buffalo**, at the eastern end of Lake Erie. Buffalo is an historic city, having been claimed by the French in 1679, when **La Salle** built the first boat to sail on the Great Lakes, and is well worth a visit. After sight-seeing we suggest dining at **The Cloister**, built on the site of one of **Mark Twain's** homes. They serve prime ribs and lobster and have entertainment Tues. thru Sat. The **Coachman's Inn** serves shish kebob. For rustic English decor and pretty girls in old fashioned costumes, go to the **Round Table** at the **Park Lane Manor House**. Dancing is at several of the **Holiday Inns**, the **Executive Motor Inn** and the **Clinton-Aire Hotel**.

NEW YORK CITY: **Manhattan** has a multitude of restaurants geared to fit any appetite and pocketbook. The trick is to get the best you can afford. We'll start at the top with some elegant places designed for those who don't need to ask the price. **La Grenouille** and **La**

Cote Basque tops for French Cuisine and elegant service. Just as good, but less expensive, is **Lutece**, where we suggest you order mignon de boeuf en croûte lutece. "**21**" **Club** is nice. It's the place where everyone goes to meet their friends. For good Italian food at a modest price you can't beat **Antica Roma**. **Asti's** is the fun Italian place where the waiters and waitresses sing opera. Guests can join in too. For something different how about a little chicken tandoori or rijsttafel at the **India Curry House**. For a play this month we pick "**My Fat Friend**" starring **Lynn Redgrave**. It's a comedy that was a hit on the London stage. And for a musical, you must see the award winning (5 of them) "**Over Here**", starring the **Andrews Sisters**. Lots of diamond action with the **Yanks** and the **Mets** at Shea Stadium.

Ohio

AKRON: For good sea food and steak in a charming intimate atmosphere, we suggest **Marcel's**. A more lively spot is **Phil Palumbo's Supper Club**, which has shows and dancing nightly, except Sun. The **Butcher Block** (a steak by the ounce restaurant) is a good place to find some juicy red meat. They cut their own steaks. There's entertainment in the lounge. **Ramon's Restaurant** will be presenting **Larry Alltop** and the **Exciters** from July 8 thru 14. (Akron is Larry's home town.) The Inspirations will be at **Ramon's** from July 22 thru 29. Swinging singles will have fun at **The Odyssey**. "**Oklahoma**" will be presented at the Edward J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall July 9 thru 21, and "**Pal Joey**" will play from July 23 thru Aug. 11. Be sure to visit the **Hustler Club**, 21 South Main St.

CINCINNATI: For its size, **Cincinnati** has more five-star restaurants than any other place in the country, so be sure to try them out. There's the **Maisonette** and **Pigall's**, both of which are a gourmet's delight with exquisite food and impeccable service. French, of course. Another delightful place is the **Sovereign Restaurant**, located in **Queens Tower** atop Price Hill. Here you sit in an English pub atmosphere with a view of the city and dine on such succulent dishes as Chateaubriand or Dover Sole Veronique. There's entertainment at the **Tappery Bar** of the **Netherlands Hilton Hotel**, and across the Ohio River at the **Beverly Hills Supper Club** in Newport. Don't forget the **Hustler Club** 608 Walnut St. In baseball, the **Cincinnati Reds** will be at Riverfront Stadium.

CLEVELAND: The city both fun spots for those who care more about the entertainment than the food and the quieter places where the tantalizing taste of the food is the all important thing. If it's good food you're after, try the **Red Fox Inn** for duckling à l'orange or chateaubriand. Or have lobster at the **Wagon Wheel**. For good Italian food we suggest **Theresa's**. **Fisherman's Cove** is fine for sea food. Now for the more lively places, try **Adams Apple**, with nightly entertainment starting at 9 P.M. Jackets required for gentlemen. The **Castilian Room** of the **Ramada Inn** specializes in steaks, chops and Spanish foods, and has nightly entertainment. There's dinner theater at the **Sheraton-Cleveland**. Don't forget there's lots going on at the **Hustler Club** at 820 Vincent St. The **Cleveland Indians** will be at Cleveland stadium.

COLUMBUS: The show-place restaurant here is the **Kahiki**, one of the finest Polynesian restaurants in the country. You can order the Mystery dinner or an oriental favorite, such as shrimp Macau or lobster Cantonese. We think the best place in town for Italian food, served in an elegant atmosphere, is **Presutti's Villa**. The veal parmigiana is delightful. The **Sixteen East**, in the center of town, has just announced the arrival of belly dancers and Greek food to go along with their other Continental cuisine. In **German Village** (near south Columbus) try the **Place Upstairs** or the **Lindenhoff**. **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre** will have "**Lovers and Other Strangers**" from July 3 thru Aug. 4. **Country Dinner Theatre**, at **Reynoldsburg**, says it isn't definite, but they hope to have **Andy Devine** in "**What Did We Do Wrong?**" At **Vet's Memorial** the **Kenley Players** will present "**Damn Yankees**", with **Joey Heatherton**, starting July 2. "**Mother's Engaged**" with **Paul Lynde** starts July 9. "**Annie Get Your Gun**" with **Florence Henderson** and Baritone **Richard Fredricks** starts July 16. "**Bus Stop**", with **Desi Arnez Jr.** and **Joe Flynn** starts July 23, and "**Take Me Along**" with **Gene Kelly**, starting on July 30, ends the month. Remember to stop in at the **Hustler Club** at 36 W. Gay St.

DAYTON: We think the best gourmet restaurant in **Dayton** is the **King Cole**. A favorite dish there is caneton rôti with sauce bigarade. This is roast duck with a very special orange sauce. The **King Cole** has a very elegant atmosphere with original paintings from some of the great masters. For Italian food we suggest

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Anticoli's. You should like **Annarino's** and the **Grub Steak**. For dancing and entertainment try the **Ramada Inn-Stratford House** or the **Holiday Inn-Downtown**. For action head for the **Whatever's Right Club** at 1505 North Main St. For free hot Hors d'oeuvres and the largest drink in town for the price are features of **Daddies' Money Cocktail Lounge** at First & Main.

TOLEDO: A favorite dining spot is the **Roman Gardens**, which features steak in a delightful Roman atmosphere. And we love **Tony Packo's** Hungarian food. The **Wittenberg** serves a good Sauerbraten. There's also the **Top of the Tower**, located downtown. **Dyer's Chop House** is the special place for sea food. Pick out your live lobster for them to cook. For a little dancing and entertainment with dinner try the **Holiday Inn-Downtown** or the **Commodore Perry Motor Inn**. And don't miss the **Hustler Club** at 812 Jefferson Ave.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA: The "City for All Seasons" as the Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau is working to make it become, has a full schedule for the summer months. **Freedom Week** is June 21 thru July 4. The "**Philadelphia Fling**" lasts from June thru Labor Day and features a daily program of free fun and entertainment. Monday and Wed. evenings there'll be music, dance, theatre and choral groups at Rittenhouse Square. The **Robin Hood Dell Concerts**, with the **Philadelphia Orchestra** performing under the stars, run from June 20 to July 31. The **Temple University Festival at Ambler** runs from June 28 to Aug. 17. **The Playhouse in the Park** schedule (in Fairmount Park) calls for "**Brigadoon**" from July 1-5 and "**The Ways of Yiddish**" from July 8-30. For fine food we suggest the **Old Original Bookbinders**, or **Bookbinders Sea Food House**, where you can find good snapper soup and lobster. A couple of good French places are **Le Bec-Fin** and **Le Pavillon**, which features soufflé Grand Marnier. If you're in a German mood, there's **Imhoff's** of **Germantown**. The "**Middle East**" naturally has Middle Eastern food, and belly dancers go with it. The **Philadelphia Phillies** will be at Veterans Stadium.

PITTSBURGH: The 1974 Civic Light Opera Season opens July 9 thru July 14 with "**West Side Story**." The schedule continues with "**South Pacific**" from July 16 thru 21, "**Brigadoon**" July 23

thru July 28, and July 30 thru Aug. 4. The performances will be at **Heinz Hall**. For elegant dining, **Le Mont** is the place to go for Côte d'azur poulet en casserole. The **Park Schenley** is the place for steaks and ribs. Another elegant dining place, that has a panoramic view of Pittsburgh is **The Edge Restaurant**, on the top of Mt. Washington. For candle-lite atmosphere with dinner, go to the **Candlelight Dining Room** of the **Carlton House Hotel**. Also nice are the **Rifle and Plow Restaurant** and **Settlers Dining Room** in the **Hilton Hotel**, in the Gateway Center. For lively entertainment downtown, go to **Market Square**, a renovated area with five or six night clubs. Try **Walt Harper's Attic**. It's the home of the **Pittsburgh Pirates**, who play at Three Rivers Stadium.

Tennessee

MEMPHIS: The **Queen City** of the south . . . blending old southern atmosphere with the life a bustle of the modern world. You can dine in serene comfort in an ante-bellum mansion serving elegant French food, at **Justines**, or you can head for **Overton Square** in midtown, 10 minutes from downtown, with lively boutiques and restaurants. You can dance at **Lafayette's Music Room** and have lots of fun at the **Bombay Bicycle** and at Friday's. Getting back to the more sedate old-world scene, we suggest the **Four Flames** for taste-tempting foods, and **Charlie Vargas Rendezvous** for barbecued ribs and shrimp. There's dancing and entertainment at the **Sheraton Inn-Airport** and the **Rodeway Inn**.



Liberace

Texas

DALLAS: Whatever your favorite food, you'll be sure to find it in Dallas. For Mexican, look into **Casa Dominquez**, **El Fenix**, or **El Chico**. The **Glory Hole** is an unusual place where you can wine and dine in the atmosphere of an old mining company, with authentic equipment and artifacts. **Marcel's** or the **Chablis** have good French food. For Italian we suggest **Il Sorrento**, where strolling musicians entertain while you wade through the list of home-made pastas; fetticcine, ravioli, lasagne, cannelloni, manicotti, and so on. There's a vast array of other dishes, too, such as Shrimp Florentine with green sauce, and pork chops alla pazziola. Another good place to go is the **Sheraton-Dallas Hotel**. They have the **Stampede Room & Watering Hole**, which have western flavor, and **Ports O'Call**, which is Polynesian and Oriental. Dinner Theaters are the **Windmill** and **Country Dinner Theater**. There's entertainment in the **Venetian Room** of the Fairmont Hotel and in the **King's Club** of the Adolphus. For sports see the **Texas Rangers** at Arlington Stadium.

HOUSTON: As Texan cities go this one is a food lover's delight. Not only steaks, but other exotic delights. **Brennan's**, of the famous New Orleans family is tops. For Sicilian dishes try **Da Vinci's**. For steak Diane and crepes Louis, we recommend the **Penthouse West** of the Sheraton Inn, Town and Country. We're sure chef Joachim Jantzen will please you. Entertainment there from June 22 thru Aug. 5 is **Charizma**. For Polynesian food go to **Trader Vic's** at the Shamrock Hilton, or dine at the **Terrace Room** beside the world's largest swimming pool (also at the Shamrock). Chef Hans John says the drink specials are the "perfect Manhattan" and "Godfather," and his Wiener Schnitzel is superb. Try the **Old San Francisco Steak House** and **La Bastille**. In the sports field, the **Houston Astros** will be playing in the **Astrodome**.

Virginia

NORFOLK: The Tidewater City's unusual celebration of its 290th anniversary continues through the middle of July. Visitors can perch upon tombstones dating from the 1860's and listen to rock while having lunch in the yard of **St. Paul's Church**, which survived the bombardment at the beginning of the Revolution. For more

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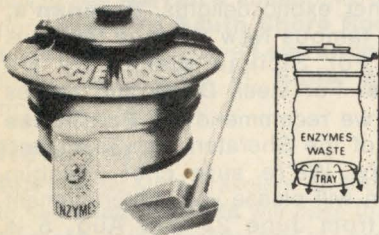


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conventional dining, without ghostly spirits, try the **Carriage House** or **Smuggler's Cove** (it has dixieland jazz). The **Holiday Inn-Scope** is the place to go for dancing and good food. It has the **Nation's Room**, the **French Quarter**, and the **Paradise Room**. Try **Blue Hawaii** for a delightful Polynesian meal. The dinner theaters are **Tidewater Dinner Theater** and **Cavalier Dinner Theater**. Out **Virginia Beach** way try the **Golden for Cantonese** food and the **Copper Kettle** overlooking the ocean.

WILLIAMSBURG: This settlement, which was built after the Indian massacre of 1622, was first called **Middle Plantation**. Now **Colonial Williamsburg** is a fine restoration of the early settlement and a big tourist attraction. We'll let the tourist people guide you around the town, but would like to suggest how to make the rest of your stay pleasant. Both the **Williamsburg Inn** and **Williamsburg Lodge** are good places to stay, although reservations might be advisable. Both have fine dining rooms. Another delightful place to eat is **Chowing's Tavern**. For Virginia food try the **King's Arms Tavern**.

WISCONSIN

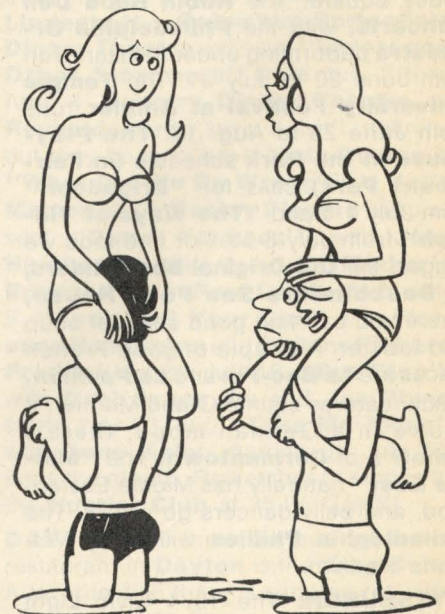
MILWAUKEE: Originally a French trading post, the original settlement was soon filled with Germans, Dutch, Poles and Scandinavians, and its breweries and restaurants quickly give this away. There's **Frenchy's Cafe**, **Hoffman House 100**, **Karl Ratzsch's**, **Mader's**, and **Kosta's White Manor Inn**, all attesting to the foreign influence with their delightful food. We can go on and on, with **John Ernst Cafe** and its potato pancakes, Wiener Schnitzel, and Hungarian goulash. It's a place for good food. As for entertainment to go with it, try the **Crown Room** at the Hotel Pfister. And the **Kennedy Cottage Discotheque** at the Marriott. For theater, there's the **Center State Dinner Theater** and the **Todd Wehr Theater**. At the sports end of things, the **Milwaukee Brewers** will be at Milwaukee County Stadium.

WASHINGTON D.C.: For a delightful French meal in the nation's capital go to the **Rive Gauche**. It has elegant decor, wonderful service, and exciting food. Another favorite place for the French gourmet is **Montpelier**. The price there is a little steeper. The city has many Italian restaurants and this month we select **Anna Maria's**. Try

the veal parmigiana or manicotti. **Hogate's Seafood** is the place for fish. There's also entertainment and dancing, except on Sun. If you wish a combination of steak and entertainment, we suggest the **Embers**. For Polynesian and Oriental foods try **Trader Vic's**. There are many ethnic restaurants in the area so we're sure you'll have fun.

Washington

SPOKANE: Spokane has so many hours of sunshine that the Indians who used to live in the area called themselves "Children of the Sun", so if you're visiting the area for **Expo '74**, there shouldn't be much rain to spoil your fun. In addition to **Expo** there are other attractions such as sports and visiting silver mines and watching the precious metal being smelted. An interesting restaurant to visit is the **Black Angus**, who's dining room overlooks Spokane Falls. You can take a gondola ride into the canyon above the falls. In the evening dine at the **Spokane House Motor Hotel** or the **Ramada Inn** by the airport. Both have entertainment with dinner. We don't have the exact dates yet, but among the entertainers at **Expo '74** will be Metropolitan Opera Star **Roberta Peters**, New York Ballet star **Edward Villella** and pianists **Van Cliburn** and **Victor Borge**.

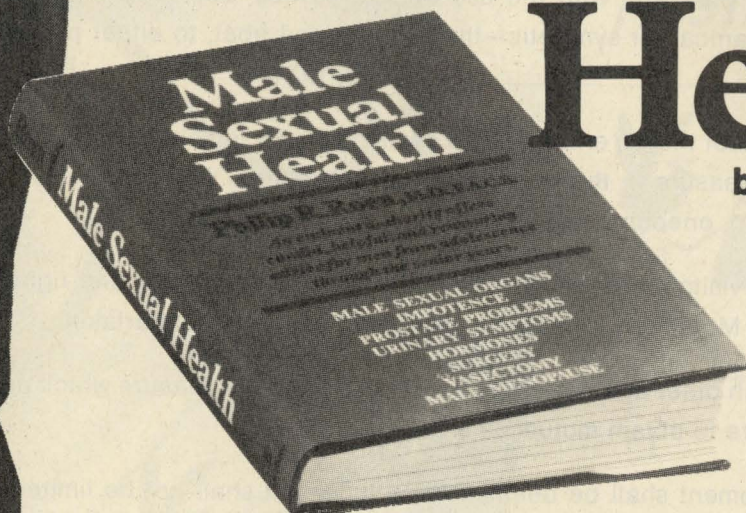


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You've heard the gags about impotence. And you laugh along with them, thinking: "It could never happen to me." Well, it's no joke. The truth is that it's a rare man who will never have to confront it. Impotence can be temporary and unimportant, come on suddenly after years of happy sexual experience, or be severe enough to cause torment and anguish. Ignorance of its many variations, causes, and treatments has lead many men (and their wives!) to suffer unnecessarily.

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- What are the most common causes of impotence?
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- What is male menopause?
- Is vasectomy legal?
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Philip Roen is a professor of urology at New York Medical College, Director of Urology at two New York hospitals and attending or consultant urologist at five other major metropolitan hospitals.

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SEXPLAY AGREEMENT

Agreement between undersigned male (Y) and undersigned female (X) for the mutual and simultaneous pursuit of satisfaction and/or pleasure, with the use of said parties' bodies and any other device—animal, vegetable, fruit, mechanical, or synthetic—that will aid and abet, to either party's satisfaction, said pursuit, entered into on _____, 1974.

1. Y is in the habit of, among other things, entering, and dwelling in, the female body for his own pleasure. If, however, said act incurs pleasure in the other party, all the better. Y is desirous of undertaking a sexual experience, relationship, encounter, act, performance in the company of X.
2. X frequently receives male visitors and warrants that she has legal authority and rights sufficient for the undertaking desired by Y. Moreover, X herself is desirous of selfsame undertaking.
3. Both Y and X indemnify each other against any and all liability and displeasure which may be suffered or incurred by reason of failure to obtain mutual said satisfaction.
4. The purposes of this agreement shall be deemed to include, but shall not be limited to, traditional sexual intercourse. Any position, action, paraphernalia, costume, or setting conceived, imagined, or fancied by either Y or X shall be given due consideration by the other and then incorporated into the experience with which this agreement concerns itself. Should any position, action, object, costume, or setting prove to be unpleasing to either party, it will be tried again and again until both Y and X are of the opinion, belief, or feeling that said idea is not viable.
5. Each party is of the knowledge that satisfaction and/or pleasure may not be attained by one or both. Should unhappiness be the result of said activity, for either party, neither Y or X will press charges in the hopes of receiving compensation in the form of money, gold, a new partner, or any one of the numerous and wonderful mechanical devices on the market, foreign or home, today or tomorrow, which guarantee access to the happiness of which said Y and said X are in eager pursuit.
6. Neither undersigned party is concealing photographic or recording devices for future, individual, perverse pleasure or for future public exposure of said partner.
7. The term of agreement hereunder shall commence on the date hereof and, for better or for worse, shall continue thereafter, for all purposes whatsoever, for each and every and all rights and interests of every kind, until Y and X, in complete understanding, do no longer agree.

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Gin · Vodka · Rum · Tequila

Rum is basically a distillate of fermented sugar cane and, in its natural state, is as white a spirit as either gin or vodka . . . darker hues are generally achieved through the addition of caramel, which colors the rum without affecting its flavor. Rum distillers control the lightness or heaviness of their product by the rapidity with which they ferment the sugar cane, slow fermentation yielding the older style, somewhat more aromatic and heavier rum . . . even the darkest of rums aren't "heavy" though they might appear to be. Bacardi, Ron Rico and Don Q all produce light and darker ranges of rums.

Least known of the "white spirits" is tequila, from south of the border. In 1795, a 32-year-old visionary—José de Cuervo—was granted a license by the Mexican government for the production of "mezcal wine," as tequila was then known. This was the start of a beverage which many think will burgeon as vodka did—the pattern of growing popularity in California parallels the original development of vodka there. One thing is certain: the attractive and tasty margaritas and other tequila drinks are a far cry from when it was strictly a "he-man's drink" . . . I can remember, eons ago, first being introduced to tequila by being told to lick the back of my left hand (to wet it) and then pour a mound of salt on it . . . holding a shot glass of tequila, also in my left hand, and a wedge of lime in my right hand. One proceeded by licking some of the salt, holding it in the mouth, then swallowing it together with the tequila and quickly biting into the lime . . . yep; them were the days a man was a man. But, whether you chose José Cuervo, Sauza or Gavillan, there are dozens of delightful tequila drinks coming your way this summer.

Over the next months, we'll range across these spirits with a bit of history, anecdotes and some a warm weather libations to cool you off and pep you up.

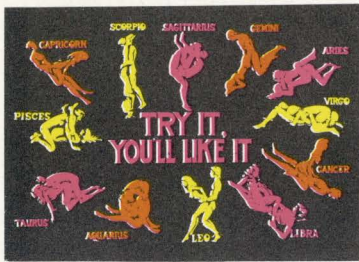
From Provincetown to Kailua-Kona as the sun bathes us, first in its comforting warmth and, too soon, in its fiery, penetrating oppression, we'll be turning to the "white spirits" for the promise of refreshment and revitalization. Yet, our preference for gin, vodka, rum and tequila as warm weather coolers, consumed in genial moderation, hardly reflects their turbulent history. For gin was the curse of the

working class in 18th Century England, its devastating consequences immortalized by Hogarth in his famous painting, "Gin Lane" . . . the Poles and Russkis took their vodka in orgiastic intemperance . . . colonists and buccaneers roistered amid the chant of ". . . yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" . . . and mustachioed revolutionaries swelled their courage on tequila.

All of these are a far cry from the scientifically produced superior spirits of today that find their way into gin and tonics, bloody marys, daiquiris and margaritas.

Gin survived England's Prohibition of 1736 to become the darling of our own Prohibition era. At the end of our "noble experiment," standards for the distillation of gin were adopted here very much along the lines of those used to produce British gin (Dutch or "Hollands" gin, often seen in stone crocks, being rather different and tasting of the grains). The word gin is a corruption of the French *genievre* which means juniper . . . arising from the fact that gin is essentially a colorless and tasteless neutral spirit which is redistilled with juniper berries (and other aromatics) to achieve its distinctive flavor. Every American and English gin maker produces his spirit according to a unique formula and flavoring recipe which yields its own subtle flavor and aroma, accounting for the diverse preferences among us for such leading brands as Gordon's, Gilbey's, Fleischmann, Seagram, Beefeater, Walker, Tanqueray, Calvert, Booth's, Plymouth, etc.

Vodka, like gin, is the product of grain distillation to the point of a completely colorless and tasteless beverage alcohol. While for many centuries the exclusive preserve of Russians, Poles and Baltic peoples, it mushroomed into popularity in California during the fifties and soon swept across the country to rival the long-time popularity of gin. While still quite small in volume, the sale of eastern European vodkas seems on the rise, largely because of the cachet attached to their being imported—several are infused with herbs and grasses, providing them with unique taste characteristics. Regrettably, we make too little use of vodka as an aperitive when it is so ideally suited for sipping (especially if chilled in a small glass on a bed of crushed ice) with caviar or cold fish hors d'oeuvres. Try it with Smirnoff, Gordon's, Popov, Gilbey's or Wolfschmidt.



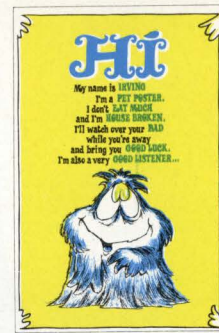
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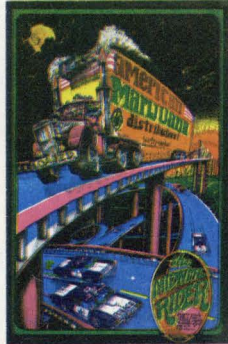
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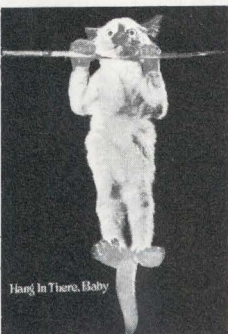


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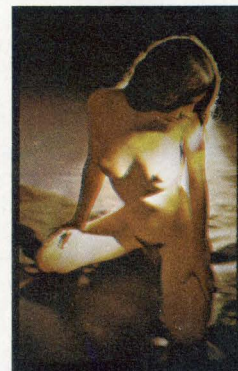
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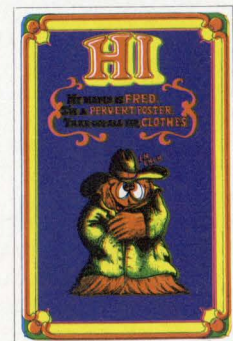
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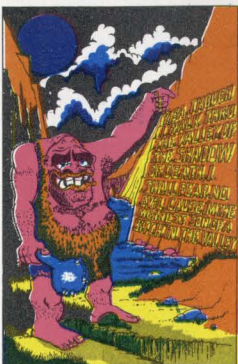
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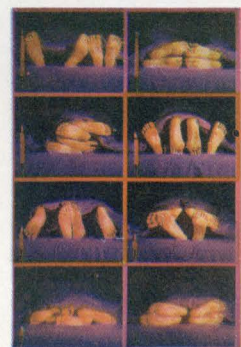
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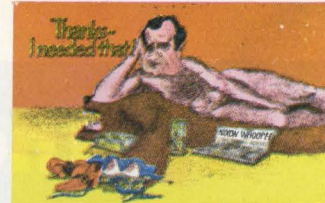
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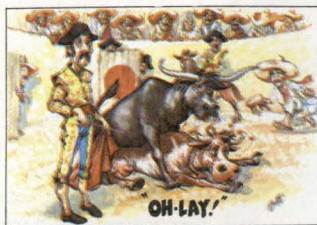


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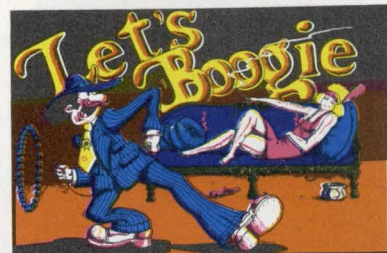
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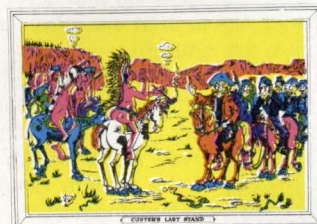
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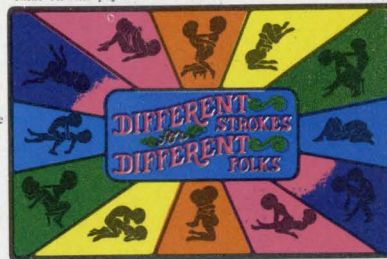
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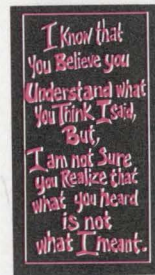
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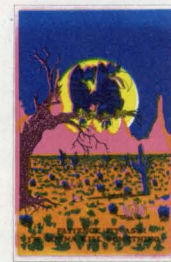
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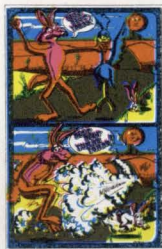
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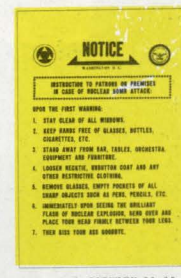
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the romans sure knew how to get it on

Continued from page 85

The dictator Sulla candidly admitted that the only reason he was originally elected to office was because he knew an African king who could supply plenty of animals for the arena.

Even the early Christians weren't immune to the lure of this national institution. St. Augustine wrote of a prospective monk who became so enamored with the gladiator fights that he gave up all interest in the church.

St. Hilarion was reportedly so turned on by the bloodletting that he found it impossible to stay away from the arenas whenever he was in Rome, so he lived as a hermit in the Sahara desert where there were no amphitheatres.

Toward the end of the second century, decaying Rome was already becoming inundated with foreigners brought in to work and fight for what remained of the empire.

Most of these so-called "barbarians" had no taste for the games and made no bones about it. Eventually, they grew so influential that pleasing them became far more important than sating the whims of the indolent native Romans.

Campaigns were mounted to "end the games" much as clergymen, veterans and students organized in more recent years to end racial discrimination, ban the bon and stop the war.

They finally succeeded in 404 A.D. when a young monk jumped into an arena and was stoned by the crowd when he tried to give a speech urging that the degrading spectacles be ended once and for all.

His death created such a furor that the politically astute emperor Honorius ordered the stadiums permanently closed.

Since then, numerous attempts at kinky sex and blatant sadism for mass consumption have always fallen far short of the "real thing" as the Romans knew it.

Being more "civilized" today, we speak with horror of the cruelties of the ancient world and gratify our own blood-lust with things like stock car racing, bull fights, boxing, wrestling, TV newsreels, Italian westerns and articles like this.

But is there anyone today who seriously doubts that a sharp promoter who tried to duplicate the Roman Games couldn't fill Yankee stadium or the Houston astrodome day and night for the next ten years?



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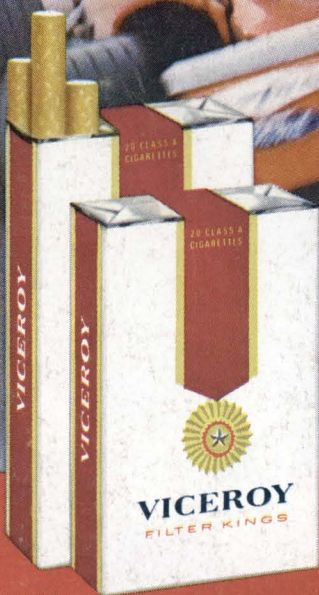


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